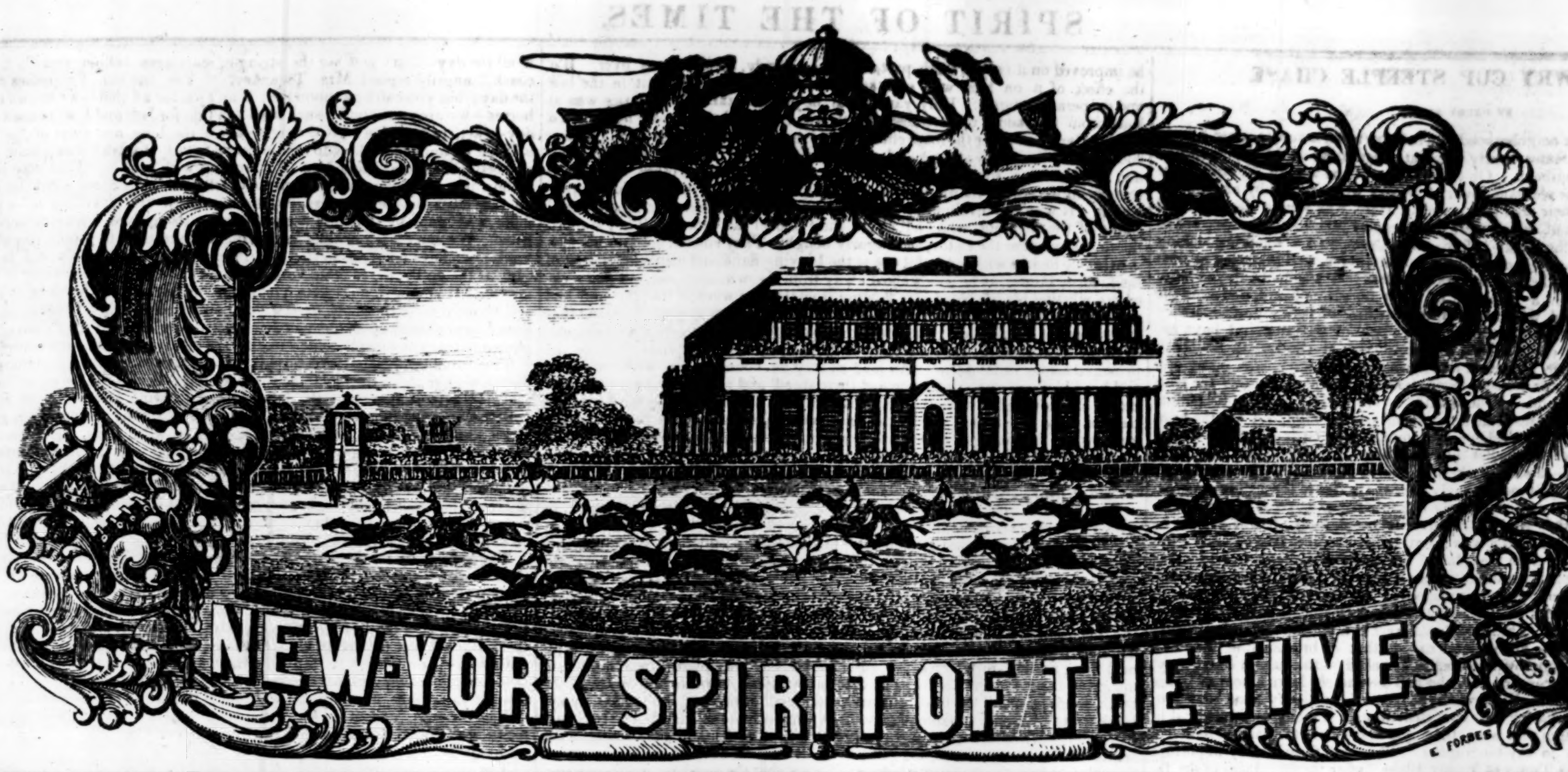
NEW·YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES
E. FORBES

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European Correspondence.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

London, April 15, 1836.

My Dear Porter—May you never quaff the liquidity of your own name, if you "come for to go" to misprint my epistles, as—*per mihi*—you have done. Think of a middle-aged gentleman, like myself, done foolish—my errors of the press, which the *charitable* reader will incontinently fix as errors of the pen! If ever I should write a chapter upon the miseries of authorship—and perhaps I one day shall, only do not whisper it to any one—I shall commence with this:

Misery 1. Writing for a newspaper, at the distance of 3000 and odd miles, and finding, when you come to read your article, in type, that the conscience-less printers have made such a confusion of names and other words that—the best parts of said article have become quite unintelligible and absurd! *Mem*: said printers are at such a distance that you cannot have a good scold at them, and so independent that even were you with them, they would not stand such a "blow up," and so matter-of-fact, that they may produce your own illegible *copy* as fair excuse for their mistake!

For example, in my letter of February 1, (which you published March 12) you make me say that Balfe, author of the *Siege of Rochelle*, "sung a fine caneta," pray put it cantata, when you write to your friends. Next, you make me say "Miss Inverarity &c. *are* at Glasgow:"—it should be, "Miss I. &c., and her husband." Then, in my letter of January 14, announcing the *debut* of Helen Faucit, I am made to report that "Mrs. Faucit lives with Favieri;"—it was in my copy "with *Farren*." She goes by Farren's name, although her husband, Faucit is alive. But a few examples must suffice: your printers and cramp hand-writing must divide the blame.

The Italian Opera as it *should* be, scarcely had a commencement in London this season, until Saturday evening. *La Gazza Ladra* introduced the favorites of last year. Rubini took the part of the young soldier, which Ivanhoff heretofore performed: he sang worse and looked better than Ivanhoff. He shewed immense skill—but the natural pathos of Ivanhoff was worth all the "graces of tart" whicl Rubini lavished. Rossini's music is very ornamental, but Rubini ornaments it more. He gilds the gold—he paints the lily. Lablache made the heavy part of *Il Podesta* very effective: the *dramatic* power of the opera was palpable and triumphant in the scene (Act 1) with *Ninetta*, where she endeavours to prevent his discovery of her proscribed father. Tamburini, as the father, sang with judgment, science, and *expression*: this last quality is too much neglected by vocalists. I missed Brambrilla—graceful, pretty Brambrilla!—in the part of *Pippo*.

But *the* attraction was Guila Grisi. The part of *Ninetta* is as yet, her *chef d'ouvre*. Pasta for deep tragedy—magnificent in her grief: Malibran for touching the heart, in a style scarcely less electric: but Grisi for tender pathos. Give Grisi a *domestic* part, and she becomes identified with its griefs, its cares, its pleasures and its hopes. For pathos, take her duet with her father "Per questo amplesso," and her part in the beautiful trio, "O Nume benefico:"—for a gay and happy expression take her joyful burst, "Di piacer mi balza il cor:" she makes it express delight, almost overpowering—delight which *will* burst out into song, just as we may fancy the lark, in his heaven-ward flight, cannot help the matin carols which to my poor taste, are the very poetry of natural melody.

Grisi, is niece to Madame Granilli, once a famous vocalist, and was born at Milan, 28th July, 1811: consequently she is in her 25th year. Her musical education commenced in a convent at Florence, when she was 11 years old. Her father had an official situation in Italy, under the Empire.

I never saw the Italian Opera, in London, more fully or fashionably attended than on Saturday night. The House was crowded, as on the benefit night of some favorite, or the Park Theatre at the Dunlap, Knowles, or Placide benefits.

Mrs. Sharpe made her *debut* last night, at Drury Lane Theatre. The failure, a few seasons since, operated against her—but very slightly. She appeared as *Lady Macbeth*, a choice as bad as *Lady Constance* would be, because it *takes her off the stage before the play is over*. Macready supported her, and she acted up to him: a difficult thing, for his Macbeth is cold and hard. Her dagger scene and the banquet scene were beautifully done. In the sleeping scene she was not sufficiently subdued. She was *very* much applauded, and has reason to be proud of her success.

Miss Vandenhoff, daughter of the actor, made a *debut* at Drury Lane, on Monday evening and—*failed*. This is a hard word to say of any young woman, but it is true. She is a lady-like young woman, pretty (despite of very light hair) and has a graceful deportment; she is said to be well educated, and has evinced some taste for poetry, but still—*she failed*. She was very timid—a bad sign, because she has repeatedly acted at Edinburgh and other theatres. She has had great training, and under an able master, her father. Her voice wants flexibility and is *reedy*. She is a clever girl but has no genius. She may become a third-rate actress, but no more. Her part was *Juliet*, to Cooper's wretched *Romeo*. Vandenhoff took *Mercutio*, and though it be out of his line, made something of it. Still he is not Kemble in *this* part. The best sustained character in the play, was Mrs. C. Jones's *nurse*. It was even better than usual. Nothing gross in it, nothing coarse, it was applauded a great deal more than the passionate love, and sorrow and despair of Juliet.

On Tuesday night, Carlotta Grisi made her *debut*, in the ballet of Le Rossignol: in which she and M. Perrot danced a *pas de deux*. She is an exquisite *danceuse*, fully equal to Taglioni, but of a different style: her's is "the poetry of motion!" She is young, tall, well made, graceful, and beautiful. Her cousin, Guiletta Grisi, was in a box, as a spectator, and attracted great attention.

Taglioni is at Nice, for the recovery of her health. She will scarcely be able to visit London this season.

A Miss Beverley, from Glasgow Theatre, appeared at Covent Garden on Monday, as *Helen* in "The Hunchback." She certainly has succeeded—even after Miss Taylor—if I may credit report, for I have not seen her. Mr. Dale and Mr. G. Bennett made a *great deal* of Sir Thomas Clifford and Master Walter.

Madame Jenny Vertpre, (Carmouche) has her French company at Braham's Theatre. The house is filled every evening. Vaudevilles and petit comedies are the performances. Jenny Vertpre's comic acting is admirable.

A Day Well Spent. The new comic piece at the Lyceum is a curious affair. Every incident is utterly improbable. How, then, does it go on? By excellent situations, and abundant bustle. The audience literally cry with laughter. *Bolt* and *Mizzle* (Wrench and Oxberry) are a pair of shopmen, who, when Cotton (W. Bennet) goes away follow his example—leave the hosier's shop to take care of itself, and cut off to have "a day of it." Unfortunately, they are constantly meeting their master, and run into a variety of scrapes, in their attempts to avoid him. *Bolt* is a swaggering fellow, with a face like brass, while *Mizzle* is on the fidgets, and has a thin reedy voice, apparently *afraid of its own echo* In the end, an old maid takes advantage of *Bolt's* passing himself off as her husband, and claims him as such, but he saves the shop from being rifled by *Cutaway* (Hemming) and so, all ends well, except that *Bolt* is fixed with the old maid as a wife.

W. J. Hammond, manager of several theatres in Yorkshire (Doncaster, Sheffield &c.) and co-manager of the Liver Theatre, in Liverpool, has joined with his brother-in-law, Douglass Jerrold, the dramatist, as *co-lessee* and manager of the New Strand Theatre. It opens on Monday, and *should* pay, for the situation is good, and both lessees will act. Jerrold, who *was* a wretched actor—is about appearing as the hero of a one-act tragedy, in which Macready refused to play—just as he scouted the idea of playing in the *Jewess*, which has *made* the reputation of Vandenhoff. Maaready, purse-proud, has made £50,000 by the stage; he knows how to *keep* it.

This year's exhibition at the Louvre is bad. Neither Deveria, de la Roche, Decamps, or Scheffer have painted any thing for the exhibition. The best picture is "Venetian Fishermen" by poor Leopold Robert, the suicide. Riqueplau, Eugene Lami, and Jules Dupre, also have good pictures. The sculpture is *mediocre*.

Geoffroy St. Hilaire has published a pamphlet to prove that the molecular theory, was discovered by Napoleon, while a boy, and by him called the "Monde des details."

The exhibition at the new Water-colour Society, has just opened, at Exeter Hall. The subject is "*The Trial of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel.* It will remind one of Hayter's fine piece, on the trial of Lord William Russell: it may be a companion to that fine painting, but Kearney has treated the subject in an original manner. He has smaller paintings of merit: *Isaac of York, awakened by the Palmer*, is forcible and bold. H. Warren, Louis Haghe, Dunan, Howse, Downing, S. Shepherd, Lance, Parris, and Richard, are among the most successful exhibitors.

R. Farrier has lithographed one of his comic eccentricities.—This is "The first *scrape*." It shews a youth learning to play on the violin. *He* looks delighted, but the discord has set his mother's teeth on edge, and the unfortunate dog howls the reproach which he lacks words to utter.

I have been exceedingly pleased with the present portion of Sir Thomas Lawrence's collection of ancient drawings, now exhibiting here. It includes works by Frederico and Taddes Zucchero, Polidoro da Carivaggio, Fra Bartolomeo, and Andrea del Sarto. The collection consist of 100 drawings, and this is the *seventh*, by the old masters. I am not critic enough to give you all technical and artistical terms, in relation to these fine drawings, but I must say that a volume could easily be written in their praise. The next exhibition of the "Lawrence Gallery" will consist of 100 drawings by Titian and Albert Druer. After that, the public will see 100 of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo's.

There has been an infinite deal of talk about Miss Smyth's elopement with the Prince of Capua. It is now ascertained that they have been lawfully wedded, according to the rites of the Catholic Church. The lady is a Catholic, and in Naples, there is no law limiting the marriages of royal princes—indeed, the Prince of Capua's grandfather, Ferdinand I., married a Sicillian lady, named Partina. The other Miss Smyth is *not* affianced to the young Prince Cimetelli The mother of these young and lovely ladies is married to a Mr. Irving, in Ireland, a man of large property. Their eldest brother married the sister of Viscount Doneraile. Their eldest sister married a wealthy Irishman. The Prince and Princess of Capua are on their way to Paris. They will excite much attention wherever they go. I have just learned that they are in London, at Mivart's Hotel, and will remain for some time on a visit to the Marquis of Hertford. The Prince is only 25 years old.

It is rather a curious fact, that at the Nottingham dinner to Mr. O'Connell, two of the guests were *females*:—Mrs. O'Connell, and Mary Howitt, *the Quaker poetess!*

Be polite—even though one must dislocate his arms or break his neck by it! At a recent Parisian ball, the Princess de Belgiojoso (a lady of beauty and youth) was waltzing with the Duc de la Villegontier's eldest son when, so rapidly did they whirl, that—both fell sprawling on the ground. Monsieur V. gallantly sustained the whole weight of the Princess, and thereby dislocated his right shoulder. The Princess blushed, and well she might—for the whole company had occular proof, not merely how she tied her garters, but that (alas, the I must pen it) that she wore no trowsers. In a word, the whirl of the danet, collected her petticoats over her head, and thus she lay, "the observed of all observers."

SINGULAR CURIOSITY IN BOSTON.

The editor of the Boston Transcript has been presented with a curiosity that rivals the Sea Serpent. the particulars of which we hasten to lay before the anxious reader:—

A Great Rarity.—A mad wag of a friend, who has just returned from India, whence he promised to bring us some curiosities for our museum, accosted us yesterday with the utmost gravity and remarking that he had not forgotten us or his promise during his absence, said that he had found at *Madras* the greatest rarity that he had seen on the voyge, (and he had touched at St Helena and brought home a dried willow twig from the grave of Napoleon) which he hoped would be considered a valuable addition to our cabinet, and be preserved as an everlasting memento of his regard and remembrance. So saying, he took out his pocket book, and deliberately opening it, eamly and cautiously drew forth from its hiding place in a neat silk lined pocket, a carefully folded paper, which we fondly immagined contained the autograph of Bishop Heber, Sir William Jones, or some other celebrated oriential scholar or traveller, and presenting it to us with that benevolent expression which one involuntary assumes when conscious of doing the handsome thing; "there," said he, with an air of triumph, "there!—by the jumping jingo! if that is not the greatest curiosity that ever I saw! I got it at Madras. Take it! Read it!" We took it—looked at it—and read—

Mr L——

Dr. to Kelly & Hudson.

Boston, 1827, Aug 18. 1 pr drab pants, $8

Received Payment—

"Ah, that's it!—" exclaimed the donor, interrupting us, "that's it!—*Received Payment*— Kelly & Hudson.' A receipted tailor's bill! By gracious! Isn't that a curiosity!"

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

ORIGINAL—DEDICATED TO MR. BROUGH, BY F. L. WADDELL.

Oh sweet are the charms, of the love-lighted valley,
Where fair as the rose, lives the maid of the mill,
Yet dearer to me is the friendship of Harry
Who dwells with his lass at the house on the hill.

There bright is the prospect that opens before you,
Below, the calm river glides gently and still,
While heaven's pure breezes float charmingly o'er you,
And beauty smiles over the house on the hill.

Apart from the road, the dust and confusion,
You're welcome a bumper to pledge and to fill,
And ne'er is your footstep considered intrusion—
You can't seek too often the house on the hill.

Here's a health to friend Harry, his lass ever charming,
At their table so social dwells mirth and good will,
May the troubles of life which to all are alarming,
Pass gently and harmless the house on the hill.

ORIGINAL SCRAPS, FACTS AND ODDITIES.

BY A SNAPPER UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

One of the best things in the way of a *pun* and which deserves immortalization in the columns of the Spirit of the Times, is the following by some learned *pundit*, who having misfortunately suffered an embrasure of his pantaloons from contact with a nail in the side of a *puncheon*—regarded the *tear* with a tear in his eye and the eye of Marius at Carthage, and exclaimed in the eloquent line of Anthony—

"See what a rent the envious Casca (*cask has*) made."

They do say that a company of Gothamite speculators have purchased Fire Island, erstwhile the scene of those powerful papers in the American Monthly entitled *Fire Island-ana* and have laid it out in City Lots. A sale has already been had which resulted in a profit of two hundred per cent., considerably much after the manner of the two convicts who being shut up together with but 2 shillings between them managed each to win 5 shillings at Brag. A City Hall, and as a necessary concomitant, a Bridewell, a Theatre, Picture Gallery, Baths, Restaurators, Billiard Rooms, &c., &c., are in contemplation, and plans of the buildings are now under consideration of a committee of Artists—they will not be erected, however, until three quarters of the lots have been disposed of, and some part actually settled. Maps with all the proposed Public Buildings carefully displayed can be obtained of all the Real Estate Brokers.

P——l the Milford of the Fulton Market tells a good story in relation to an Orange county man with whom he concluded an arrangement for the purchase of a ponderous and unctuous gobbler, in whose body, had he been a Pythagorean he would have supposed the souls of a brace of Aldermen had taken up their residence—as it was, he saw prophetic visions in the featherless corpse of some twenty or more shilling plates, and after much conversational sparring, the fee simple of the bird became invested in P——l at the price of one dollar and a dinner from it, when sufficiently exposed to igneous action, for the seller. The dollar was paid, this Dan. Lambert of the barn yard duly cooked and dished, and the onslaught commenced. P——l placed before his customer, who failed not to be at the scratch in time, a liberal plate garnished with a due trimming of vegitables, and then supposing in the simplicity of his honest heart that his contract was fulfilled, left his man to do his work in his own time. Ye Gods! he did—he proved himself not only carniverous, but in the widest sense of the word omnivorous—his gastronomical abilities seemed like the power of the steam engine, to be without limit—after drinking a quart of cider, he took himself off, expressing his pleasure at the sumptuous fare, and his intention of again trading on his next visit, with such a liberal purchaser. But you should have seen the expression of P——l's face when on going to serve another customer with turkey he found not so much left as all his culinary alchymy could manufacture into a shilling plate.

The public, and especially the juvenile portion of it is informed that it is *not* true, as reported, that the young ladies have not combinationed themselves under the title of the Anti-Encourage-attentions from-young-gentlemen-what-don't-pay-their-tailors'-Society. It was agitated in the boudoirs of some of the Bond st. clique and a constitution partially matured, one article of which ran somewhat this wise, "Resolved, That we make an indispensible and immutable requisition that every young gentleman who may be either a lover *defacto* or a lover in *prospecto* of either of the members of this Society, shall exhibit quarterly to said member a *Receipted Bill* from his Tailor." After considerable gesturic and somewhat uproarious discussion, this article was negatived in Committee of the Whole on the state of the *Union* for two cogent reasons—the first the almost utter impossibility in many cases that the requisition could be complied with, and seeming the disagreeable effects which would result from the breaking out of a spirit of retaliation, thus carrying the war into Africa. This last argument which was made use of in a diluted effort of ratiocination by Miss Hopeyet "floored" the whole project, and the Society, which like the hump backed tyrant was "half made up" descended to "the tomb of the Capulets." G. M. S.

THE NEWRY CUP STEEPLE CHASE.

BY PADDY BLAKE.

A Steeple chase in the neighborhood of a country town is sure to cause a great deal of excitement. It creates nearly as great a sensation as the appearance of a comet or a marching regiment. On the morning of the 28th of November the peaceful inhabitants of the pleasant town of Newry were startled by an unusual clatter of horses along their well kept streets. Here was seen a carriage and pair, out of the windows of which were peering some jovial boys that seemed to have forgot going to bed the night before,—there was seen a knowing looking groom riding a groggy hack and leading a lengthy horse well protected against the inclemency of the weather,—a winner doubtless that was to be if you only believed the owner,—anon a noise, as of many horses, is heard, and amid the crash of opening doors and windows and the rustling of ladies' gowns as they rushed from the breakfast table to the window, a pair of well matched bays appeared in sight whisking along a high seated tilbury at the rate of ten Irish miles an hour. The leader, head erect and with tightened trace, was going at a long trot. The wheeler was occasionally breaking into a short canter—the pace was a shade too quick for him. Who was the driver? He looked as he almost stood—not sat—over his horses to be upwards of six feet high. A hat the brim of which was invisible to the naked eye, surmounted long curls of auburn hair—some said red—but two of the ladies who had hair of the same hue said upon their honor it was auburn—a pair of chesnut colored moustaches after sundry eccentric twists and turns at last met lovingly over the bridge of the stranger's nose. A very unpretending box coat with only nineteen capes, covered his shoulders, and a tiger only fifty pounds weight sat shivering beside him. It was evident he was no ordinary man. One said it was Lord Howth coming down to ride Fitzmaurice. Another judging from the color of his moustache offered to bet he was a Russian Prince. The town bellman swore it was the Lord Lieutenant in disguise, and straightway went to pay his respects. An envious little gentleman in a dingy black coat protested it was Lamert the Quack Doctor. There were a thousand contradictory rumors. The inhabitants were in a painful state of suspense for upwards of five minutes; all business except that of breakfasting was at a stand still. The town council were about to be called on the sudden emergency, when at length one of the corporation who had fortunately learned to read in his youth, discerned the letters P. B. beneath the crest of the bloody hand and broken lance. The whole mystery was now cleared up. It would be egotistical in me to enumerate the honors that were then and there paid to Paddy Blake. I leave the recital of them to my biographer. They will form a very important chapter in the "Life and Times of Paddy Blake," after the iron doors of the family vault shall have closed upon the mortal remains of that never-to-be-sufficiently-estimated individual. But talking or writing of the family vault puts me into the blue devils. So hark away to the course!

All that the stewards could do to insure a good race was done, and done well. The situation that was selected was an island surrounded by the waters of a rapid river upon the one side and the Newry canal on the other. It was accessible only in one point and that was a narrow bridge over the canal. Drains, and deep ones too, intersected the ground in every quarter; there were likewise ditches and walls in abundance. The course was double-posted throughout. No man, as in the English steeple chases, could be cantering through a gap when his fellows were charging a stiff fence. Around it upon every side arose an amphitheatre of hills covered with countless thousands. Upon the one side the county of Down sent its sturdy peasants on horses and on foot, and on the other Louth, Armagh, and Monaghan contributed their population to swell the multitude. It was curious to hear the shouts that came from the one side of the river when a horse the property of any person from the county of Down was foremost, and again to observe the anxiety of the persons on the opposite side when their county horse was at the head. Eleven o'clock was the hour fixed for the start, and in about a quarter of an hour after, all were clustered behind the post. Said I all? No! one horseman was still wanting—a groom was walking about a plain chesnut pony horse, with a deep chest and a hawk-like eye, caparisoned for the race—but alas! there was no sign of his rider. The steward at the starting post swore he would wait no longer. The proprietors of the horses protested against the delay; the groom begged hard for time, but no further time would be given. "Get together, gentlemen," said the starter, "I will give the word forthwith."

Every man was ready, every eye was steadfastly fixed on the steward. The horses, well aware of what was coming, were just as anxious as their riders—the humming noise on the hills was silenced for a time in the over anxiety for the start—the word "*away*" was quivering on the starter's tongue, when lo! just as the word was about to pass his lips, there was a shout along the road that leads from the town of Newry to the course—the rider of ***Dandy*** was coming. He had rode nearly thirty miles that morning to the course, and was now spurring his travel-tired steed at a furious pace through the crowd. Had he been one moment later he would have had no opportunity of contending for the prize. No time however was given to him to see the course. All the others had time to examine it carefully. He had barely time to inquire where was the winning post, when the clear and full voice of the starter pronounced the long expected word—*away*—and away they went over the first two or three fences all abreast—Milling on ***Dunroe***, rather at the head, with ***Madcap*** and ***Talbot*** close on his quarters. Danday and ***Fitzmaurice*** lying on the outside and going wide of the others. The prudence of this course soon became apparent. There are two kinds of mistakes in steeple-chases, equally unfortunate to the parties. One where a horse falls at a fence, and the other where the fallen horse tumbles those coming immediately in a line after him. The former was the case with Dunroe and the latter with Talbot and Mad-cap. There was a safe, though a rather stiff, quickset some distance from the start—coming to this, Dunroe was at the head and made a beautiful bound over it, but, landing in soft ground, fell. Talbot and Mad-cap were coming behind so close in his wake, however, that it was impossible to pull them off, and they fell over the fallen horse, without however hurting horse or rider. This accident put Dunroe completely out of the race—he broke away—got into the river and was barely taken out alive. Mad-cap and Talbot however were got up with very little loss of time, and by taking the river at a place apparently impracticable, and when the others went round, by which he saved a good deal of ground, Talbot once more regained his lead. After crossing the river it was all plain sailing, Talbot was still at the head, and Mad cap and Dandy well up—none of the others having a chance. About half a mile from home there was a wall built of stone and mortar, and about a foot thick on top without any coping,—a very ticklish jump for a fresh horse, but to tired ones a regular stickler. The double post was here so placed that it was hardly practicable for two horses to take it abreast. Talbot had been ridden too hard in the early part of the race, and the pace had told upon him. Whether from exhaustion or from some other cause, he was unable to compass the wall and threw a complete somerset into the next field. Mooreland and Gartlan were so close behind that it was impossible for them entirely to pull off, and still had they gone on as they were going, they must have lit on either Talbot or his rider. They both in their efforts to save him risked their own lives and both their horses fell over the wall; all three men and horses were on the ground together. In the mean time Filgate, who but for the accident would have been a bad fourth, came up with Fitzmaurice, crossed the wall near the right hand post and cantered in, Dandy was second and Mad-cap third—all the rest distanced.

For the second heat only three appeared, Fitzmaurice the winner of the former heat—Dandy and Mad-cap. The betting was even on Fitzmaurice against the field He was a thorough bred horse, the other two cocktails—what chance had they in such company? He had been kept back, his friends said, in the early part of the race by the mistake of others, but this heat he would lead from the post and have it all his own way. Away they go—Filgate on Fitzmaurice, bringing them along at a pace such as the horse was accustomed to go on the flat,—Dandy and Mad-cap taking the fences together—one sometimes second and sometimes the other, but neither apparently able to go with the lengthy one. About half way there was some heavy ground, and here the short backed horses made play, ran up to the well-bred-un and passed him; coming to the wall, however, which was so fatal in the first heat, the ground became comparatively hard and firm, Fitzmaurice here again resumed the lead, and at the wall was at least twenty strides ahead Here the game was apparently up. John Gordon, the owner of Fitzmaurice (and as stout a horseman and as gay a fellow—by the way—as ever sat in the middle of a saddle) in imagination was clutching the cup, and Filgate was looking over his shoulder to see which of the horses it was that was getting such dreadful punishment behind him. *It was Gartlan on Dandy.* Until he drew the whip on his little horse he had been losing ground at every stride—so much so that it appeared to every man on the course to be the height of cruelty as well at folly to attempt to overtake the leading horse—but the pale faced gentleman with the black whiskers thought otherwise, he knew his horse well. He knew that in condition and pluck he had the advantage over his opponent, he knew well that his horse could live in even at the awful pace he was urging him to—and on he went. In many a hunting field he had rode him for many a mile after he had appeared dead beat. Your little horses as well as little men bear a great deal of beating. His horse appeared to get new vigor from the whip, he mended his pace considerably—going over the second last fence he was within "speaking distance" of Fitzmaurice. Every one wondered to see him still gaining ground over the second last field. At the last jump, his nose was very near touching Fitzmaurice's tail, from the time he crossed the wall the whip had never been off his flank, except when his rider raised his arm on high to let it fall with renewed vigor. As yet Filgate had to all appearance been making a waiting race of it. Some there were, however, who were close enough to perceive that Fitzmaurice had been going his best—that although as yet untouched by the whip he had been spurred to his hearts content. Going over the last fence Fitzmaurice, evidently from exhaustion, stumbled a little. Filgate was all but over his head. The rider of the little horse was wide awake. The bob brought him to close quarters with his opponent; Filgate recovered his seat however in an instant, and entering the winning post field the boots of both riders were knocking against each other, the winning flag in the hand of the judge was waving in the wind within a few perches of them. The anxiety of the multitude was now wound up to the highest pitch. The countless thousands were silent as the hills upon which they stood. Could it be possible that the little horse might win? No. Fitzmaurice had not yet felt the whip. If he improved on it only a tenth part as well as Dandy, the race was over. But the effect of it on him was soon seen, for see! both are now at it in the last and desperate struggle. Fifty yards from the judge's stand Fitzmaurice was at least from the saddle up foremost, but it was evident that his rider had taken a pull at Dandy in order the more effectually to make the last charge. Has it been successful? One loud and general shout from Hill and Valley, from horseman and from footman, from his own side of the river and from the other, answers in thundering accents in the affirmative. That shout was half wonder, half approbation. It was the involuntary tribute which thousands bore to the successful riding of the stripling who had so gallantly piloted the winner. They stopped not to ask whether the victory was dearly bought. They entered not into his feelings as he looked with a wistful eye at the heaving flank and distended nostril of his favorite hunter, as he was walked away from the winning post. They recked not whether his life blood was flowing from the two wounds that the spur had made in his side. "Medio de fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid." Alas! that such thoughts involuntarily obtrude themselves upon us as we see a well contested race. It is sport to us, but it may be death to the noble animals that are the principal actors in the scene. As long as they go bounding on with ears erect and head aloft, all anxious to increase their speed, and skimming over their fences as swallows glide over the gentle ripples of a sunny lake—as long it is all pastime; but when they require the spur and whip to route their flagging energies—when they stagger over the fences drunk with fatigue—then—Oh! then—*what then?* why, then you may be sure their work for that day is nearly over, and they will have at least a fortnight of idleness, bran mashes, and luke warm water before them, and what the d—l more do they want?

But, gentle reader, the worst of the tale has yet to be told. I have a habit, of which I could never be broke, of shouting at the top of my voice at the termination of a race; I was once at Doncaster mistaken for a lunatic on account of this amiable failing, and perilled the lives of sundry ladies and gentlemen in their abrupt flight down the stone stairs of the stand house, after the Leger had been carried off by "Touchstone." This however being a race of more that ordinary interest, I unfortunately did not confine myself to my wonted manifestation of feeling, but—hurried away by the general excitement (for at the time I was at such a distance from the winning post that I could not distinctly see who was the winner) flung my hat, in which a new silk handkerchief was placed, into the air: to my great astonishment it showed no disposition to fall towards the centre of the earth, forgetful of all the laws of gravitation and attraction, but sailed away, black-swan-like, until it came plump on its crown into the middle of the river. For a moment I was kept in suspense, as it was carried by an eddy round in the centre of the stream, like a dog going to lie down on a heap of straw; but anon, horrible to relate, the devouring element—(is not that the name by which newspaper editors designate both fire and water?) swallowed up both handkerchief and hat in its watery bosom.

But what about the race? Dandy, Fitzmaurice and Mad-cap, started for the second heat. Fitzmaurice, evidently done up after the severe struggle in the former heat, could hardly be brought round the course and was distanced, the heat was between Dandy and Mad-cap, and was won and gallantly won too, by Moreland on Mad-cap, after a very severe and close race. All were now "hors de combat" but these two, the least likely horses of the whole lot. One of them, Mad-cap, very plainly bred—the other, Dandy, breeding unknown, but a mere hack in appearance; besides the two gentlemen who mounted to ride the fourth heat were by no means practised horsemen, well-known stout riders to hounds they certainly had been, although both very young; worthy of being placed among the "Crack Riders of Ireland," if a second "Nimrod" should ever spring up amongst us, but by no means accustomed to contend for a prize either on a flat or across the country. They came to the starting-post now to race the last heat, which was to decide whose side-board was to be graced by the Newry Cup, and both with a nearly equal chance of success; both had put in a heat, and both appeared equally tired; Dandy looked as if he had recovered the effects of the second heat, and the third was won with such difficulty by Mad-cap, that it was hard to say which should be taken for choice. An accident would however give it to either—the loss of a stirrup going over a fence, or a stumble in the heavy ground, might decide the matter at once. And an accident did decide it. A small portion of that cursed stream in which my brimless hat was engulphed, had to be crossed in the race. Coming at this both horses were together, but only one horse crossed in safety, who is down? "Tis Dandy," said one, "tis Moreland," said another, "I know the short stride of Dandy going across the meadow," and alas! for our friend Moreland, he damped his ardor and soiled his silken attire in that "ill-fated water." Mad-cap slipped his hind leg as he was breaking off, and went widgeon-like plump into the stream. He was got out, but too late. "The headmost horsemen rode alone." Mad-cap's rider was just in time to wish the winner joy after weighing, which he appeared to do most heartily. What happened afterwards when the sports were concluded, "it were long to tell."

In the evening we talked over the events of the day at the social board—many of the right sort were together. The worthy member for Newry, a true sportsman, filled the chair, and amongst the crowd who made the welkin ring again, when the health of the winner was drank in his own claret, were "the author of the Wild Sports of the West," and the reader's old friend Paddy Blake. Many were the solicitations addressed to the former to describe the race, which he declined, although he said it was by far the best he had ever seen in Ireland or in England, on the flat or across the country. In an unguarded moment, however,—shortly before the Cup, into which six bottles of claret had been emptied, had made its last round of the table—a promise was obtained that a description of the sports of the day should appear in the New Sporting Magazine, under the signature of

PADDY BLAKE.

New London Sporting Magazine for April.

A DAY AT EPSOM RACES.

The family of the Twankeys are great tea-dealers in the metropolis. Old Twankey, as the phrase goes, had done all his dirty work, and, to use his own words, "when he commenced business, he could scarcely jingle two shillings together:" he was originally a porter to a large tea-warehouse, and Mrs. Twankey was the cook; but having found favor in each other's eyes—what with the perquisites of the kitchen, and the 'funds and numbs' of the place of porter, they put their odd matters together, and swore constancy at the hymenial altar. In consequence of such union their interests became as one; they had an eye to the main chance of life, and, entertaining the old but true notions that servitude is no inheritance, took a shop for themselves, scarcely bigger than a nobleman's salt-box. Up early, and to bed late, their shop was always opened the first in the neighborhood, and was the last with the shutters closed. Mrs. Twankey, being above vulgar prejudices, lent a helping hand to fill the till by waiting upon her customers, success crowned their exertions; the coppers soon rolled into shillings, the silver into pounds, the sovereigns into notes; their cash became too bulky to keep at home; stock was purchased at the bank; freeholds were bought; a residence among the barristers and fashionable cits in Gower-street was taken, and Mr. Twankey ultimately became one of the Common Council, with an aspiring eye towards becoming an alderman, and all that sort of city greatness which might ultimately place him in the golden coach.

Their union was blessed with a boy and a girl, named Theophilus Henry and Penelope Georgiana—two prime chits in their way. Education was forced upon these children, just as much as it had been neglected by the parents. Gentility was the idol of the young folks, while, on the contrary, all the cutting-out and padding of the tailor could not polish old Twankey; nor could the superior embellishments of the dress-maker and milliner give address to Mrs. T. No, they were always designated "The Rich Old Grocer and his Wife." Old Twankey and his rib had scarcely had a day's pleasure in their lives—working from morning to night was their hobby; and the shop, the shop, and nothing else but the shop, their continual theme of delight. But as Mrs. Twankey got up in the world, and heard so much about Epsom Races amongst her new and tip-top acquaintances, she was determined, for once in her life, to do 'the genteel thing,' and give her son and *darter* a treat to see the 'Darby'—"Derby, mamma," replied Penelope (with a blush upon her cheek, and in a whisper,) "Mamma, pray be upon your guard when we are upon the Course, and near to the nobility!" "For God's sake! do mother," cried Theophilus—"Should any slip of that sort occur, it would ruin me in the estimation of my schoolfellows and acquaintances; they would set me down as an upstart, in spite of our property." "Never fear, my boy and girl," cried Old Twankey, "let them laugh that likes; I have got that in my pocket, if I have it not in my head, which will make you, your sister, the old woman, and myself intelligible through life; so let us get ready, the coach will be here in a few minutes." The coach came: "Now, Mrs. Twankey, take your seat, and make yourself comfortable," said Mr. Twankey. "I likes the look of the carriage very well indeed," observed Mrs. T. "But, post boys, are the horses sure-footed? Your master received particular orders from my husband, last night, not to send any stumbling creatures." "Why, as to that ere, Ma'am—my lady I should have said—I believe no man in our line would insure his cattle from going down. Accidents will happen, and the best of us are liable to make slips at times." "Yes, it may be so. but that won't do for me; I wouldn't have them trip up for all the tea in—" "Hush! my dear Mamma," cried Miss Pen., "we are out upon pleasure, not business." "It is all perfectly safe," said Theophilus in a subdued tone of voice. "Do not, mother, ask any more questions—What will the men think of us?" "Get on boys," said the Old Grocer; and they did get on. The horses were good; the boys pushed along, passing every thing on the road. Clouds of dust, myriads of horsemen, vehicles of all sorts—a complete world in motion. "My dear husband," observed Mrs. T., "what a rate we are going! I am frightened out of my wits!—We shall be overturned I am sure!—I tremble every limb of me!—I am choked with dust!—All my clothes will be spoiled!—My four guinea bonnet will be done for!—I shall never be able to wear my silk pelisse any more!—O dear! I wish I had not come; I would sooner have been at home behind the coun—" "Mamma, mamma! think where you are," cried Miss Pen. "It is fine talking, my love, but all my thoughts are jolted out of me—I wish I could stop the coach." "It will soon stop," said Theophilus Henry, with a grin on his countenance. "Here is a turnpike at hand." "Come, be quick,—Sir, your ticket!" bawled out the man at the gate. "You ought to have got it ready, and not be fumbling in your pockets for it all the day—don't you see the string of carriages behind you?" "It is our coach," angrily replied Mrs. Twankey. "Yes, ma'am, I supposes it is—for the day; but you can't gammon me; it an't job for all that—we knows the hack-horses—we are up to snuff—such tales von't do for Jem and I, so ve must have the day-ticket, or you don't go through—that's the long and short of the matter." "What an impudent fellow to talk to gentle folks! I wish I was a man, I'd teach you better manners!" said Mrs. T., bursting with rage. "That may so appear as how to you, Ma'am, and we turnpike folks are considered a little bit imperent on race-days by the Greenies, who don't know vat travelling is—a parcel of folks who puts by a penny a-week to give themselves a holiday once in their lives. We can't lose our time in bowing and scraping to people, or picking our vords; we have our vork to do, and that must be done, or else our props will give us the go-by, or, in other vords, turn us up. Ve do every thing in the reg'lar vay—If you have no tickets, you are of no use to us; therefore, as how you see, ve must have the *blunt*, or else you don't go through. I believe as how, at least I never heard of it, did you Jem?—that any Hact of Parliament had been passed to teach us turnpike chaps to diskiver gentlefolks from commoners."

The dispute about the ticket having been arranged, by the Old Grocer paying for the negligence of the boys, the turnpike-man's cry of "All's right!" again set the vehicle in motion, and the lads, scarcely having room to clear an inch of the other carriages, made the best of their way through numberless gigs, curricles, tandems, fours, overloaded waggons, crowded carts, glass-coaches, shatter-dans, flys, &c., contesting every bit of the road with the sixteen-mile-an-hour tits, down to the roarers, the jibs, the limpers (only fit for the dogs:) in truth, such was the eagerness displayed by the inhabitants of the first city in the world to witness the great Derby Stakes contended for at Epsom, that every thing in the shape of a horse was brought into play, to the complete 'clean-out' of all the livery-stables in the metropolis.

The boys pulled-up at the inn-door at Ewell. Mrs. Twankey eagerly inquired the cause of the delay. "Why, Ma'am," replied the lads, "please ye, my lady, we must stop a little bit, ye see, to take the dust out of the poor hanimals' mouths; for, if we push forward to the ground, we may not be able to get water under a shilling for half a pailful; therefore you see, Ma'am, the spur is of no service, and the whip will not do any good. If we do not attend upon our cattle, they will not move.—Lord bless you, my lady, the horses know as well as we do, that it is race-time, and they will have refreshment. We boys too (by the bye, two old men) if you please, my lady, likewise stand in need of a little summut to drink." "Bless my soul," exclaimed Mr. Twankey, "and is water really so dear?—What a fine speculation it would be for the New River Company to furnish water at such a price!"

The course appeared to the delighted eyes of the whole of the Twankey family. "I am, indeed, astonished!" said Mrs. Twankey; "the more I cast my eyes around, the more I have to admire.—What a beautiful building!" "Yes, mamma," replied Miss Pen., "it is an elegant Stand—the sight altogether surprises me—What an immense assemblage of persons!—I must confess I was not at all prepared for it—I am delighted beyond measure!" "Well," said Mr. Twankey (rubbing his hands in ecstacy,) "this sight will repay us for all the dust and other disagreeables we have had to encounter during our long journey—won't it my dear Mrs. T.?—Come, lads, get us a good place near the Stand, and take out the horses, that we may take a walk over the Course, and look at the booths and other novelties."

The Twankey family, having settled the above preliminaries to their mind, went to view the Course. The first thing that attracted their notice was an elegantly fitted up, *un, deux, cinque* booth; and they listened with great attention to the invitation given by the man at the door, "Walk in, walk in, ladies and gentlemen, to the royal game of '*un, deux, cinque*;' we are liberal to the echo; we are not like your London play-managers, we do not charge for admission; therefore, I say, walk in. Now is the time to make your fortune if you only bring plenty of sovereigns with you, and mind you are lucky—that is the grand art of making your fortunes.—You may also perceive, ladies and gentlemen, that I give you advice gratis; that is, in plain English, for nothing. I like to make myself intelligible to all parties to prevent mistakes. This game is a royal game, therefore it is strictly fashionable; no commoners are permitted to put down their money, or to mix with the first rate quality, which always visits this here grand booth at this partiklar time of the year.—Stand by, good people, for the dukes, lords, and other persons belonging to the Upper House, who are eager to walk in without any interruption.—There is the red color for those that approve of red; and, for those persons who do not approve of red, there is the black color by way of variety; but, should any lady or gentleman fancy the blue, there is the blue color for them: and no questions will be asked.' "This man talks very fair," said Mr. Twankey, "suppose we go in and take a peep;" when young Theophilus soon lost a few half-crowns by way of paying towards the expenses of the booth.

"Who is that gentleman nodding to you upon that carriage in so *family* a manner, my dear Pen.?" "Familiarly!" whispered Theophilus to his mother. "See Mamma," answered Miss Penelope, "don't you?—it is Mr. Smithers, the gentleman we met one night last season at Vauxhall, in company with my father's friend Mr. Molasses; he knows every thing:—Mr. Smithers—if you remember, you said he was as good as an almanack, as intelligent as a bill of the play, as instructive as the Court Guide, and as communicative as the London Directory." "Yes, Pen., you are right," answered Mrs. T., "he was very entertaining, and most excellent company; he knows everything." "Does he?" said Theophilus with a sneer—"He knows every thing but his own business—I hate him—he is such a presuming, self-important fellow, and I long to tell him so!" "O fie!" replied Mrs. T., "you must be polite to him now; another time say what you like—I perceive he is making up to us." After the usual congratulations had passed between them, "You are come very opportunely," said Miss Pen.; "We shall become acquainted with all the public characters now you are with us, Mr. Smithers." "You flatter me, Miss," replied Mr. Smithers; "but you may command my services. Well, then, to commence—Have you met with any of the conveyancers in your walk over the Course?" "Conveyancers! Who do you mean, Mr. Smithers?" exclaimed Mr. Twankey. "The *conveyancers*," said Mr. S., laughing, "are a set of men who convey property from one to another without the use of parchment, or the aid of lawyers; by other intelligent persons they are styled artists, being in the drawing profession, although they are extremely adverse to having their own likenesses taken; but by the vulgar sort of folks they are ignorantly alluded to as pick-pockets." "O dear, Mr. Smithers," said Mrs. T., "be kind enough to point out some of these conveyancers to us." "Not for the world, Madam—my life would be at stake; and I might be conveyed to a bone-house to be owned, by making my exit from society before my time was come. I have put you on your guard at all events—I must leave you for the present to return to my party; but I will join you again before the race commences." On their return to the vehicle, their attention was arrested by a man with a small table, upon which were three thimbles with peas under them, similar to the jugglers with the cups and balls. "Now's your time to make money," said the fellow, playing with the thimbles; "I'll bet five pounds the pea is under that thimble,"—pointing to it. "It is not," said Mr. T., "I saw him throw the pea away." "You never could see in your life," repeated the hero of the thimble; "you can't see the pea when you look at it; besides, I'll bet you five pounds you an't got a shilling in your pocket; and, if you have, you borrowed it. Why you know, ould chap, you only got your togs down the spout last night"—(a loud laugh from his confederates)—"This poor ould fellow is superannivated, he does not know what he says." "Don't I, you insolent fellow," answered Mr. T., angrily; "Do you think I can't believe my own eyes?" "No, my old covey," replied the man, "and I'll bet you a sovereign the ball is under that thimble."—"Well," said Mrs. Twankey, "you shall bet him a sovereign for his impudence; you are sure to win, that the ball is not under the thimble." Mr. T. put down the sovereign in a rage—when the bubble soon burst—the old grocer lost his money, amidst loud shouts of laughter from the thimble-man and his confederates. The latter fellows now taunted Mr. T. to have "another shy, as he might be more lucky next time." This language produced a sort of pushing of several of them against the grocer and his family, who, with great difficulty, extricated himself and his wife from their clutches. "I am very glad, my dear," said Mrs. T., "We have got safe from those fellows; never mind the sovereign." "The Course now looks interesting indeed; every part of it seems filled with company," exclaimed Miss Pen., "and they all appear so happy, taking their dinners and wine. I think we had better get to our coach as fast as possible, and take some refreshment; it will not be long before the horses start, I suppose. Papa, be kind enough to tell me how the time goes?" Mr. Twankey, on putting his hand to his fob, almost ready to faint, said, "It is gone! O the rascals!" "What is gone, Mr. T.?" asked his wife. "My gold watch, chain and seals—all are gone! by those cursed conveyancers that Mr. Smithers talked about." On recovering himself a little, he made his loss known to a police officer, while the family made all haste to their carriage, not in the best humor.

During the time they were lunching, and lamenting their losses, a dispute occurred between the coachman of a duke and a costard-monger, by the latter fellow insisting upon standing behind the carriage in spite of the coachman and footman attempting to displace him. "What does I care for a duke," said he, "any more than a dustman! The King, God bless him! I knows would let me stand behind this wehicle if I axed him. I supposes as how as I am made of the same flesh and blood as any of them there dukes who hold their heads so high—why I know'd the duke when he wanted a shirt." "You lying scoundrel!" replied the coachman, "how dare you abuse my master?" "It is no abuse," answered the costard-monger; "and I'll bet you a kavarten of Seager's brilliant that it is a bit of good truth. Why, you stupid fool, he was born like other men—without a shirt. Well, he wanted one then, didn't he, spooney?"

In England, it is this sort of saucy independence which distinguishes its mob. Deny them not their pleasures—let them have their *say*, and beard the great folks if it suits their whim—grumble at any thing they do not understand or like—and contentment is the result. The names of oppression and power bring forth thousands in an instant to oppose them. This sort of championship against, or perhaps in reality jealousy of, power of all kinds, even in the lowest ranks, peculiarly marks the national character.

When the foregoing battle of words had subsided, Mrs. Twankey missed her reticule. While she was listening to the fracas, some person had got up behind the carriage, and carried it off with its valuable contents. "This is all through coming to the races," exclaimed Mrs. T. in a tone of agony. "I shall go distracted—I am mad already—robbed in this manner and no redress to be had, it is abominable!" "Compose yourself, my dear mamma," said Miss P.; "I see Mr. Smithers coming towards us—he will tell you and papa the proper means to get the watch and reticule back again." The plausible manner of Mr. S. went a great way towards the consolation of the Twankeys. "I will," said he, "as soon as I get back to town, speak to my friends the magistrates about your loss, and I have no doubt but it will be rectified. I will set all the thief-takers in London after the rascals—so a truce to melancholy now, my dear Mr. and Mrs. Twankey. Depend upon it, I will be as good as my word." This soothed the unhappy couple for a time.

"I never saw so much beauty and fashion," said Miss Pen., looking up at the Stand, "in my life." "There are some pretty women, I admit," replied Mr. Smithers, "and also a sprinkling of beauty and fashion; but for the rest" (shrugging up his shoulders,) "they come under the denomination of well-dressed folks, nothing more—persons wholly indebted to the tailor and dress-maker for their appearance." "You are too severe," answered Miss Pen.; "but pray who is that fashionably-dressed female, who seems in such high spirits, and to whom all the gentlemen are paying so much attention?" "O, I perceive," said Mr. S., "the person you allude to is a lady newly come to a title; but I hate scandal, 'pon my honor I do—yet they do say she had at least five keepers before." "Poor dear lady! out of her mind!" answered Mrs. Twankey; "what a pity to be so afflicted!" "O no, my dear madam," said Mr. S., suppressing a laugh, "before she could get any one in the mind to be her partner for life—" (whispering in her ear.) "Indeed! you surprise me, Mr. S." replied Mrs. Twankey. "Nothing new for fashionable people to marry so—an every-day sort of thing—a mere bagatelle!" answered Mr. S. "Who is that sallow-complexioned, smirking-looking gentleman near her?" asked Mrs. Twankey. "He is a great lawyer when on the bench, Mr. Justice ——," said Mr. S. laughing; "but having left his wig behind him, he has not a particle of either law or justice now attached to his person." "O fie!" observed Miss Pen., "you are really too severe; but who is that gentleman appearing to be rather lame, whom the crowd are gazing upon—is he not some public character?" "Yes, my dear Miss Penelope," answered Mr. S., "he is a very public character, but strange to say he is always at home." "How very odd," said Miss Pen.! "I should have said his talents are of such superior description he is at home everywhere." "But I should like to know if you can tell me, who is that young gentleman, in conversation with the dashing young lady near the corner of the Stand?" Mr. S. replied with a smile, he is one of our celebrated singers, and a good fellow into the bargain; but, however his notes may prove attractive elsewhere, they will not pass current here, without they are indorsed with the cash account for the sport. 'That's the time of day' to the jockies and trainers; the pleasing sounds to them are 'Post the poney—down with the dust—P. P.' but you must excuse me, my dear Miss Penelope, every thing in its place, when we are at Rome, you know, we must do as Rome does."

"But hark! I hear the bell rings for saddling," observed Mr. Smithers,—"look out, my dear friends, make the most of your time, and listen to B—— there. Goldfinch, in the Road to Ruin, is a mere apology to B——for the description of a race. He is an eccentric character altogether,—look—his hands, his legs, his arms, his head, are all at work; his frame is almost reduced to a jelly with agitation. The Bank—the Reform question, the world, in fact, every thing is lost sight of in his anxiety at the race; he is one of the favorites of fortune. He is known to carry with him one of his fine Holland pillow-cases to fill with the money produced from his bets; and he brings his dog-cart with him, after the races, to Tattersall's to carry off the large sums he wins to the Bank. Listen! There they go—now they are off—Hæmus takes the lead: Bras de Fer second; Cuidad Rodrigo following, accompanied by Slight and Colwich; good—well meant—I like it. Look at Riddlesworth, Vestris, Caleb, Africanus, Fordonsi, and Pigmy, on the outside: just as I wish them,—Judgment! Excellent! and not lost in the mob. Now they are on the turn:—See—see—see—Colwich is distressed; Rattler no chance; Roadster out of it altogether; Surprise attracts no notice, and Cressida done up! The corner is gained, I am all alive again—Beautiful! Delightful! Charming!—See how close they are together. Behold Hæmus, Riddlesworth, Cuidad, and Fordonsi, all in front. Go along my pretty ones; the winner is amongst them! Riddlesworth for a thousand. Ha! do my eyes deceive me—Spaniel and Incubus appear to be creeping up in a good place; Silenus is of no use; she lags—declines. What a picture for an artist! There's stepping out for you—only look at the action: talk of Opera dancers—Psha! Take notice: Incubus, Fordonsi, and Ciudad are as close together as a pill-box. What a prime racer is Riddlesworth!—a picture of a horse, there's nothing like Rid. on the Course for blood and bone. The whip—the whip! make play, my boy, and you can't lose it! Take care of that Spaniel! Now I look again it is dangerous. Spur Riddlesworth, boy—get over the ground if it break your neck! The race is between Riddlesworth and Spaniel; it will be a near thing. You don't name the winner for a thousand—they are neck and neck. See what a plunge Spaniel has made; very near winning it."

"Near it!" exclaims the steward, "Spaniel has won by three quarters of a length!"

"Only look, my dear Mrs. Twankey, at the long faces of the losers," exclaimed Mr. Smithers, "the knowing ones have dropped their blunt. I beg pardon; they have lost their money—they are done brown!"

"How can you tell a knowing one?" asked Mr. Twankey.

"Why," replied Mr. Smithers, "I must admit that's a puzzler. Instead of knowing, they should be termed 'foolish ones.' As a proof of their sagacity and turf-knowledge, 50 to 1 was the betting against the winning horse; in fact, Spaniel was never named as having any chance by the knowing ones."

Mr. Smithers having made his bow, the Twankeys immediately prepared themselves to leave the Course; but as many things happen between the cup and the lip, the 'pitiless pelting storm' soon made its way through all their finery; and, before they could close up their carriage, another misery of life presented itself; the carriage hinges were out of repair, and some considerable time elapsed before they were protected from the weather. "Get on, post-boys," cried Theophilus Henry, "and stop at the first respectable inn you come to." The lads went off at a good round pace; but, on their coming in contact with numberless carriages, where the roads meet, smack went a pole through the panels, the violent shock of which nearly upset the whole of the Twankeys in the mud. To describe the consternatirn and fright of Mrs. and Miss T. is impossible: life could scarcely be kept in them. After the confusion and swearing had a little subsided, and they had recovered themselves without injury,—the supposed aggressor having left his card by way of reparation for the damages done to Mr. T.'s coach, which in their hurry they did not perceive had only the name of Thompson on it—thus getting rid of the accident altogether, and saddling the expenses upon the Twankeys. They again made progress on the road, when the carriage pulled up at a tolerably-looking decent house. On getting out, a mob of boys had assembled round the door, and the first salutation the Twankeys met with—"What a shocking bad bonnet that female woman has got on her head! 'Only look at that queer tile upon that old chap's nob!' and other like most agreeable greetings, accompanied by loud shouts of laughter, and other marks of ridicule. To mend the matter, or rather to make a bad introduction worse, every room was crowded with company; the bells incessantly ringing; the cries of "Waiter—waiter,' from the top of the house to the bottom; plenty of orders, but no attention paid to them; and several persons intercepting the servants, and fighting for hot water, bread and butter, &c.

After the patience of Mrs. T. was completely tired out, and calling the waiter fifty times at least, she said, "I insist, man, you will pay some attention to what I want."

"Insisting won't fit here, Ma'am," replied the waiter, "you may insist as much as you please, but who cares for it? You are only one of God Almighty's customers; and if the covies hadn't come down so fast, and drove you into this here house, ve shouldn't have had you at all; but I can tell you, Ma'am, for your comfort, the cream is all gone—no milk is to be had; and if you stop here until midnight, you will not get any thing: we are drained quite dry with every thing in the liquor vay."

The Twankeys found it useless to complain, and bore all their misfortunes with a kind of stoic consolation—that their troubles would soon be over; but, after repeated exertions made by Theophilus at the bar, with persuasions and almost threats, some refreshments were obtained for his almost exhausted mother and sister. The post-boys had attended to their horses, and the Twankeys, being in a little better humor, made another start for London.

The streets of the metropolis were duly gained; the gas-lights seemed to send forth more brilliant rays than ever to the anxious eyes of Mrs. Twankey. The old grocer began to chuckle to himself, that like his predecessor, Johnny Gilpin, he had gone farther than he intended, but got safe home at last. The horses, like hack horses in general, upon feeling the stones under their feet, trotted along merrily without the whip; even the post-boys were glad their tiresome journey was at an end. Miss Penelope Twankey, quite disappointed, fatigued, and out of temper, that neither her 'dear self' nor her great fortune had made any conquest; and Theophilus, the best informed in the family of the Twankeys, equally disgusted that the day had turned out a bore instead of a record of pleasure. The nawe of Twankey, on the shining brass-plate, was never viewed before mith half such pleasure by the family. The knocker's rattling peal occasioned the door to open in a twinkling, and the family were at length seated by their own fire-side. The joy of Mrs. Twankey was so great, that she could not disguise it, and began humming the well-known air:—

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no PLACE like HOME.

It is true, that Mrs. T. did not sing the above pathetic ballad exactly after the penetrating strains of Miss M. Tree, neither did it resemble the harmonious notes of Mrs. Waylett; but, nevertheless, it came from the heart. "Thank God," said she, upon seating herself in her elbow chair, "I am once more at home: the watch and reticule we shall have again, I hope, through Mr. Smithers; if not, I am at home and no matter; if ever they catch me again at the races, why then my friends shall tell me my name is not Twankey, and I am not satisfied with my home."

"Yes, my dear," echoed Mr. T., and I will allow those blackgauard little boys again to insult me with the prevailing, foolish, unmeaning phrase of 'What a shocking bad hat you have got!' if ever they lay hold of me more. No more races for me. No more thimbles for me; I shall hate the sight of a thimble till the last hour of my life."

"La! Pa," exclaimed Miss Penelope, "do not be so angy about the loss of a sovereign."

"Well, I won't; I'll bear in mind with cheerfulness," said old Twankey, "one of my copies I used to write when I was a school-boy—'all's well that ends well!"

Metropolitan Magazine.

ENGLISH LAWS OF RACING.

Horses take their ages from the first of January, i. e. a horse foaled any time in the year 1835, is one year old on the first of January, 1836.

Catch weights are, each person to appoint a person to ride without weighing. Feather weight signifies the same.

A Post Match, is to insert the ages of the horses in the articles, and to run any horse of that age, without declaring till you come to the post to start.

Handicap weights, are weights according to the supposed abilities of the horses.

Riders must ride their horses back to the Winning Post to weigh; and he that dismounts before, or wants weight, is distanced.

The horse that has his head at the Ending Post first, wins.

If a rider fall from his horse and the horse be ridden in by a person of sufficient weight, he will take place the same as if it had not happened, provided he went back to the place where the rider fell.

Horses are not entitled to start without producing a proper certificate of their age, &c., if required; except where aged horses are included, in which case a horse may start without a certificate, provided he carry the same weight as an aged horse.

For the best of the Plate, when there are three heats run, the horse is second, that wins one. For the best of the heats the horse is second that beats the other twice out of three times, though he doth not win a heat.

When a Plate is won at two heats, the preference of the horses is determined by the places they hold in the second heat.

When three horses have each won a heat, they only must start for a fourth, and their places will be determined by it. No distance in a fourth heat.

In running of heats, if it cannot be decided which is first, the heat goes for nothing, and they may all start again, except it be between horses that had each won a heat. Horses drawn before the plate is won are distanced.

A bet made after a heat, if the horse betted on does not start again, is no bet.

A confirmed bet cannot be off, without mutual consent.

Either party may demand stakes to be made, and on refusal may declare the bet to be void.

If a party be absent on the day of running, a public declaration of the bet may be made on the course, and a demand whether any person will make stakes for the absent party; if no person consent to do so, the bet may be declared void.

Bets agreed to be settled in town or any particular place cannot be declared off on the course.

The person who bets the odds, has a right to choose his horse or the field; when he has chosen his horse, the field is what starts against him; but there is no field unless one start with him.

If odds are bet without mentioning the horse till the race is over, it must be determined as the odds were at the time of betting.

Bets made in running are not determined till the plate is won, if the heat be not specified at the time of betting.

At Newmarket, if a match be made for any particular day, in any meeting, and the parties afterwards change the day, all bets must stand; but if altered to a different meeting, bets made before the alteration, are void.

Bets determined though the horse does not start, when the words "absolutely," "run or pay," or "play or pay," are made use of in betting.

All double bets are considered as play or pay.

Horses running on the wrong side of a post, and not turning back, are distanced. Horses are distanced, if their riders cross or jostle.

Money given to have a bet laid, not returned if not run.

All matches, bets, and engagements are void on decease of either party before determined.

An untried stallion or mare, is one whose produce has not started in public.

A maiden horse or mare, is one that has never won.

In estimating winnings it is the practice to consider the clear sum gained only, and consequently to exempt the winner's stake. A winner of a sweepstakes of 20gs. each (3 subs.,) is therefore not disqualified from running for a 50*l*. plate, expressed to be for horses that never won a plate, match, or sweepstakes of that value.

A horse walking over or receiving forfeit shall not be deemed a winner.

If any horse shall be named or entered without being properly identified he shall not be allowed to start in the race; but his owner shall be liable to pay the forfeit, or, if a play or pay race, the whole stake All bets on a horse so disqualified for starting are void.

In every sweepstakes in which there shall be any allowance of weight to the produce of untried horses or mares, such allowance shall be claimed on the article by each subscriber before the expiration of the time of naming; and if not so claimed, no allowance shall be made, even though the horse or mare should prove to have been untried at the time of naming.

All stakes or bets, whether expressed to be in guineas or pounds, shall be paid in pounds sterling.

When the riders of any horses brought out to run for any race are called upon, by the person appointed to start them, to take their place for that purpose, the owner of every horse which comes to the post shall be considered as liable to pay his whole stake; and all bets respecting such horses shall be considered as pay or play bets.

If in running for any race one horse shall jostle or cross another, such horse and every horse belonging to the same owner, or in which he shall have a share, running in the same race, shall be disqualified for winning the race, whether such jostle or cross happened by the swerving of the horse, or by the foul and careless riding of the jockey, or otherwise; and where one horse crosses the track of another next behind him, it shall be deemed a sufficient cause of complaint, even though he be a clear length, or more, before the horse whose track he crosses.

In naming or entering for any race where there shall be any particular conditions required as a qualification to start, it shall be sufficient if the horse were qualified at the expiration of the time allowed for naming or entering; and he shall not be disqualified by anything which may happen after the expiration of that time, unless so specified in the article; and if any additional weight is to be carried by horses which have won one or more plates or races within the year, it shall be construed to mean the Year of our Lord.

When the qualification of any horse is objected to, the owner must produce a certificate, or other proper document, before the race is run, to prove the qualification of the horse; and if he shall start his horse without so doing, the prize shall be withheld for a period to be fixed upon by the Stewards, on the expiration of which time, if the qualification be not proved to the satisfaction of the Stewards, he shall not be entitled to the prize, though his horse shall have come in first, but it shall be given to the owner of the second horse. When the qualification of a horse is objected to after the race is over, the person making the objection must prove the disqualification.

Where two horses run a dead heat, and the parties agree to divide the plate or stakes equally, all bets between those two horses, or between either of them and the field, must be settled by the money betted being put together, and divided between the parties, in the same proportion as the stakes shall have been divided. If a bet be made on one of the horses that ran the dead heat against a horse that was beaten in the race, he who backed the horse that ran the dead heat wins half his bet. If the dead heat be the first event of a double bet, the bet shall be void.

No person can *run*, either in his own name or in the name of any other person, two horses of which he is wholly or in part the owner, for *any plate*.—Doubts having arisen as to the true definition of the word "*plate*," the Stewards of the Jockey Club have decided, that where a sum of money is given to be run for, without any stake being made by the owners of the horses (entrance-money not being considered a stake) such prize shall be construed to be *a plate*; but where a stake is deposited by the owners of the horses, which is to go to the winner, and an additional sum of money, or a cup, piece of plate, or other reward, is offered as a prize to the winner, even though such additions shall be denominated a plate by the donor, such race shall be deemed and taken to be a sweepstakes, and not a plate.

All disputes, arising elsewhere than at Newmarket, which may be referred to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, must relate to Horse Racing, the facts must be reduced into writing, and be sent by, or with the sanction of, the stewards of the races where the matter in question occurred, and the parties must agree, in writing, to abide by the decision of the Stewards of the Jockey Club.

The English Turf Remembrancer for 1836.

CROXTON RACES.—This meeting passed off with great *eclat*, and the company were of the most brilliant character. The unfavorable nature of the weather on the second day occasioned a falling off in attendance, but the sport was of an excellent description. The skill Lord MacDonald manifested as a rider was much noticed: his Lordship promises to become a first rater. The Marquis of Waterford also took a distinguished lead in the diversions of the two days. The Duke of Rutland gave a magnificent cold collation in a spacious marquee to the circle of his friends, including upwards of forty from Belvoir Castle. The tables were tastefully set out with vases of flowers, and during the entertainment the Leicestershire band played selebi airs from favorite operas.

The *Morning Post* says, some rail-road bills were discussed on Tuesday at *great length*. If the discussions kept pace with the subject, they must be lengthy indeed

SOME WERSES ABOUT THE EPPING 'UNT.

BY A LONDONER.

Come, all you cockney sportsmen brave,
Nor fear to show your front
For I'm about to tip a stave,
About the Epping Unt.

Away we started, neck or nought,
Upon our bits of blood;
And, bless your soul! we never thought
Of either dust or mud.

By Jove, there was all sorts of lads—
None could the sport refuse!
Some with a pair of high-bred prads,
Some on a pair of shoes!

And all upon the Essex road
They bravely dash'd along;
And some in red, or else I'm blow'd,
Did come it precious strong.

Cabs, gigs, and carts, and coaches, too,
Ran at their utmost speed
And better vips, the whole vay through,
I'll bet were never seed.

Some coves on donkeys sat astride,
Some mounted were on ponies;
And other orsemen, side by side,
Were larking with their cronies.

And some with galloping that day
Vere in a smuck of sweat,
And often stopped upon the vay,
To wittle, or to vet.

And then, to see the ladies smile,
As if with fun elated:
While, bless them! in such famous style
They all were titivated.

Ah, whate'er griefs the soul perplex,
Or troubles may befall,
The man wot doesn't love the sex
Isn't no man at all!

But, hey for Epping! on we go—
No mortal seem'd to lag;
All bent to see, both high and low,
The slaughter of the stag.

And many a toddler plied the gin,
And many a pot was swigg'd;
And many a sportsman lost his tin,
And many a vipe was prigg'd.

And as the day got on, I vow—
Each cockney bosom panting—
To see the crowds on Fair Mead brow
Was truly quite enchanting.

For, faith, a muster grand was made,
A prime equestrian throng;
Mounted on prads of every grade—
Swift, spavin'd, weak, and strong.

But, hark! what shouts ascend the sky?
What mean these deafening cheers?
The stag-cart—that's the reason vy—
Now close at hand appears.

Hark forward, sportsmen, to the hill,
And raise a glorious shout;
This day, by Jove, a stag we'll kill—
The buck wiil soon be out.

Out bounc'd a buck without a speck,
And dash'd through briars and thorns;
A wreath of flowers around his neck,
And ribbons on his orns.

Out bounc'd the buck, through thick and thin,
Most famously he ran,
Seeming to say, with knowing grin,
Catch me, my coves, who can.

Bell's Life in London

PRICE CURRENT OF TON.

During the recess we have directed our attention to the state of the market at the West End, and submit to our readers a review of the leading articles after the fashion and manner of the City Price Current.

CASH.—In this all-important and favorite article the usual scarcity continues. The demand is tremendous. Holders very firm.

COUGHS AND COLDS.—Since the unsettled state of the weather the stock on hand is very great. In many cases where the holders have been disposed to part with what they had on any terms, the article has gone off. In what has been long on hand there is a great tendency to decline, the parties keeping them in expectation of consumption.

FOOLS AND ROGUES are in the market in the usual quantity. The former are in much demand at the Clubs.

DUNS.—Very plentiful, but are not well received in the market; and though receipts are offered with them gratis, they are kept up with great reluctance.

LIVE STOCK.—Calves are much inquired after at Almack's. Very few Lambs are asked after, except at Whitehall. John the Grunter and a party of whole-hog men from Ireland were in considerable demand at St. Giles'. There were more Irish than English Bulls. The former offered to throw the offal in, but the demand was very slack.

DUST.—In lively demand since the late rains. Is expected shortly, however, to rise considerably.

LADIES' DRESSES.—Petticoats have gone up still higher since last season, and dresses have come down. Ankles, which were freely shown last season, are rather higher in quality, and breasts are offered to a great extent. The bonnet business is much curtailed, and noses are to be occasionally seen in the market. The sleeve trade is not carried on to quite as great an extent as before. Stockings, as usual, have much engaged the attention of speculators during the showery weather. Those who have them on hand are looking up.

MARRIAGES.—Since the commencement of the present season numerous speculations have been entered into. The last season the market was unusually lively, and many contracts then made have been since completed at prices which have not transpired. There is yet, we hear, a large stock undisposed of. Fair descriptions are in brisk demand. Those for choice are scarce. Offers are freely made for such of this quality as remain in first hands. A few lots have been taken up for exportation. Cash is almost alone looked after in the general run of transactions of this article.

London Age.

THE EASTER HUNT.

NOT "BY NIMROD."

It was a lovely morning on Easter Monday. Even the sun got up five minutes earlier than usual, and instead of rising slowly in the east, and going leisurely to the west, it no sooner was visible in Whitechapel, than taking a short cut down Fleet-street, he was in St. James'-street in the twinkling of a caterpillar. The dawn of day brought the sportsmen out of their beds, at an early hour, and every body seemed determined to catch the stag—if possible. The steeds were dancing in the air, the polished boots were shining in the sun, and every thing seemed to promise a good day's sport. That celebrated huntsman, Hobler, was there, mounted on a magnificent pony of the real Jerusalem breed. His hunting coat was a cast off red one, that formerly belonged to the general postman; he had on a second day's shirt, and his waistcoat was one of those fine pieces of yellow calico, sometimes to be met with at Sewell and Cross' in Compton street. His trowsers were constituted of the coarsest blanket, to give a slight appearance of buckskin, and were gracefully tied at the knee with some string, which hung in partial festoons almost down to his ancles. He wore a stout, but evidently cheap Wellington boot, (say fourteen shillings the pair) and was altogether in trim to follow the hounds, being in all respects such a gentleman as might be expected to *go to the dogs* in the speediest manner possible. However, to the hunt. On reaching the ground, a poor little *doe* was brought out, who might have been *John Doe*, for the number of lawyers' clerks that seemed to have got writs out against him, and were in hot pursuit of him. No sooner had the hounds thrown off, than the horses began to *throw off* likewise, and in a few minutes the horses and riders were like the contents of a volume and its references, for people were looking for rider A, rider B, &c. with as much zeal as a printer looking for references to supply gaps in a manuscript. We have only to add, that the poor John Doe got clear off, and the hounds, riders, whippers in, and whippers out, were forced to go home without him. Hobler was carried home on a shutter long before the conclusion of the hunt. His eyes were battered into the back part of his skull, his nose was crushed between his teeth, his cheeks were jammed into his coat pockets, his eyelids were found in his boots, and his whiskers were turned literally inside out with the frightful concussion. Thus ended the Epping Hunt—

"*To guilty minds a terrible example.*"

Figaro in London.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 28, 1836.

"The Dog-star rages—nay, 'tis past a doubt,
The Devil or Parnassus is let out."

It is "proven, and will begin to be thought so presently," as Dogberry hath it, that the *un*-Common Council of Gotham, have been sitting in secret conclave debating the propriety of presenting the Canine race with the Freedom of the city. We are no chroniclers of the sayings or doings of the august fathers of the city; but so much excitement pervades the public mind on the subject, that we feel compelled to remark, that the unaccountable increase lately of "curs of low degree," has become a nuisance "most tolerable and not to be endured." As they would avoid hydrophobia and dog-barking, we bid them pause before they resolve to let loose upon our citizens the hordes of snarling, sweltering unclean curs that "go up all manner of streets," or mad dogs, like early radishes, may soon be had by the dozen. If the Dog Law of last year is not speedily enforced, we can expect nothing less than paragraphs like the following in the daily city papers in the course of a month:—

From the Evening Star.

Awful case of Hydrophobia.—It is our melancholy duty to apprise our readers, just on the eve of going to press, that Alderman ——, of the ward, while in the exercise of his official duties as chairman of the committee to which the Dog Law was referred, was bitten by a rabid dog as he was in the act of ascending the steps of the City Hall. The unfortunate man immediately discovered the most shocking paroxysms of confirmed hydrophobia, and what adds to the distressing nature of the case, is the fact, that before he could be secured, he attacked several of his colleagues in the most ferocious manner, and it is feared that the lives of several valuable members of society are in imminent peril.—Thus has the Board of Aldermen lost an intelligent and able member, and the cause of the city and of popular rights, an unyielding defender and patriotic advocate. It is impossible to depict the deep distress into which his interesting family and a wide circle of friends has been thrown by this awful dispensation of Providence. The sad event has cast a gloom over the whole city.

From the Evening Post.

Alderman ——, was this morning bitten by a mad dog at the City Hall, and immediately discovered frightful symptoms of hydrophobia. His loss will cause great distress among his personal friends, still it cannot be disguised that he was a man of feeble abilities. His inveterate hostility to our republican institutions has been frequently alluded to in these columns, and though we may deplore the cause, still his defence of the Bank, and his attempts, by supporting other odious monopolies, to make the rich richer and the poor poorer, leave us little reason to regret the end accomplished in the death of a pampered aristocrat who only labored to divide the ranks and thwart the views of the great democratic party.

Extract from the Commercial Advertiser.

Postscript!—We are plunged into the deepest distress to learn from a gentleman who but this moment left the City Hall, that our venerable fellow-citizen, Alderman ——, has fallen a victim to the ruthless fangs of a rabid dog. A great man has fallen in Israel. The loss of Alderman ——, leaves a blank in society that will not be speedily filled. Our political friends must be aware that while he lived neither party had a majority in the Common Council, and it needs no prophetic vision to see to what base purposes his untimely end must give license. Misrule and peculation will now be the order of the day. With no restraining power—no check—the dominant party will plunge into all those excesses which have marked the existing dynasty of King Andrew the First, and the interests of the city forgotten in the avidity to seize upon the public offices and divide the "spoils."

From the American.

We are shocked to learn, just as this evening's publication had gone to press, that Mr. ——, Alderman of the —— ward, an invaluable member of society, and a gentleman, beloved by his friends and respected by all parties, has been attacked and bitten by a dog in a state of hydrophobia. We are told the scene at the City Hall, where the distressing event occurred, beggars all description.—Who shall depict the wretchedness of his agonizing wife—of his fatherless children?—We sicken at the thought.

When we stated a few weeks since, in an article deprecating the passage of a law against the harmless and inoffensive dog—that we never heard of a well authenticated case of hydrophobia, nor were acquainted with a single physician who had ever known of one in this city, we little thought of being compelled to record in a few short weeks a fearful and heart-rending case coming under our immediate notice.

From the Journal of Commerce.

The evening papers of yesterday gave the particulars (which are subjoined) of the distressing case of hydrophobia, which eventuated in the death of the late lamented Alderman of the —— ward. We have long been anticipating some such fatal consequence of the reckless apathy evinced by the municipal authorities in the discharge of their duties. Their attention has repeatedly been drawn to the subject, and the passage of a law in relation to the number of houseless curs which infest the great thoroughfares of the city, almost daily pressed upon them in these columns. The course we have all along taken in relation to this all important subject, has subjected us to the unmeasured abuse of a portion of the public press—of those whom we blush to designate as our contemporaries.—The senior editor has been insulted and jeered for months with having killed a dog—and the grave charge of ranking himself among those who advocate the enforcement of the Dog Law is by many considered sufficient reason for calling his motives in question upon any subject, and of villifying his character upon any and every occasion. The eyes of the public, we trust, will now be opened and the city authorities compelled to take such measures to secure the lives and persons of our citizens from the fearful scourge of hydrophobia as the necessity of the case demands.

P.S. We are credibly informed that the rabid dog of whom Alderman —— received his death wound, is the property of the notorious Editor of the Courier and Enquirer. Such a fact is in keeping with the principles and character of that individual.

From the Courier and Enquirer.

We gave in a second edition yesterday the particulars of the shocking case of hydrophobia which has excited such general consternation in the public mind, and again revert to the sad calamity to notice a mean and despicable falsehood in relation to it, that appeared in yesterday's Journal of Commerce. We have so often nailed to the counter, the false and unblushing assertions of the dastardly conductors of that print, that we have to bespeak the indulgence of our readers for directing attention to a statement, that the dog killed yesterday in a rabid state, was the property of the editor of this paper. Our blood boils with indignation, that any individual should have the hardihood to pen so gross and glaring a falsehood. No wonder the moral turpitude of such a wretch should induce him to remark, as he did upon a recent occasion, that he "should hate to meet alone in a dark lane" such and such individuals, referring doubtless to honest men, the very antipodes of himself. The practices of this utterly vile and debased print are too well known to require further comment. Shielding themselves under the garb of religion, its conductors stick at nothing however false, calumnious, or base, to attain their unholy ends.

From the Gazette.

An interesting article on the *state of the weather*, is crowded out this morning by the particulars from the evening papers of *yesterday*, of the death of Mr. Alderman ——, of the —— ward, *from* the bite of a *mad* dog. It is a *very* distressing affair. The dog *ought* to have been killed sometime ago. We beg to suggest to the Corporation, the feasibility of appropriating the Battery as a *suitable* enclosure for the confinement of the dogs in general and the canine race in particular. We think it would do *amazing* fine. We do indeed. We have thought *considerable* on this subject. We invite the attention of our mercantile friends to the *same* thing. It is important—*very* important—to them, to the world, to Europe, and the Barbary States, and to the local trade of the *lower* wards. We think, in certain quarters, *this* expression of our sentiments will have its *effect*. We think we have hit the nail on the head. We hate monopoly in every shape, but we do go for the Dog Law in all shapes whatsomever.

Extract from The Times.

* * * * We trust the Corporation will no longer hesitate in strictly enforcing the law in relation to dogs. Had it not been for the intolerance and obstinate opposition of the Whig members of the Board of Aldermen, this sad accident had never occurred.

Extract from the Mercantile Advertiser.

* * * * * * The Times and Evening Post seem inclined to throw the odium of the defeat of the passage of the Dog Law upon the Whigs. The attempt is in keeping with the acts of the party they represent. We indignantly repel the foul charge. Had not *the* party interfered with the passage of the law, to effect their own base purposes, the life of a valuable member of society and an influential and much respected fellow citizen would have been saved from the leprous fangs of a rabid dog. Writhe as they may, the death of Alderman ——, is to be laid at the doors of *the* Party, and there let it lie.

From the Jeffersonian.

The Mercantile of yesterday, in speaking of the recent death by hydrophobia of Alderman ——, charges it upon the Democratic party, and concludes with saying, "there let it lie." We can tell the blockhead of the Mercantile, it does "*lie* there," and moreover, that he knows *where* it *lies*. Let him put that in his pipe and smoke it.

Extract from the Daily Advertiser.

With that effrontery peculiar to *the* party, its organs charge upon the Whigs the disgrace of opposing the passage of the Dog Law. Such a course is reprehensible in the highest degree. But what else can be expected under a government where the laws are set at naught, the Constitution violated, the public treasury despoiled, and places of honor and profit filled by political gamblers and renegades.

Extracts from the Morning Herald.

The sun rose in all its glorious effulgency yesterday morning, and lighting up turret and spire, darted its gay beams into the perfumed chambers of many a witching girl and blooming, dashing widow, who arose at such gentle greeting to begin afresh the duties of the day after sipping their tea and coffee (you can get both nice at Horn's) over the well filled columns of the saucy, smart and lively little Herald. * * * * * * * * *

Visit to the Scene.—How shall we depict the agony of mothers, the terrors of fathers, the shrieks of sisters and the cries of little chubby boys? The scene was eminently grand and superlatively sublime. No James Watson Webb was there to aim at one's back an assassin blow. All was dark and gloomy as Orator Offen's cellar, or dear Maria Monk when incarcerated in the loathsome cells of the Montreal Nunnery. * * * * Alderman ——, was a portly, fine looking man. We knew him well when we were on terms with Amos Kendall and the Kitchen Cabinet. * * * * There was a large and frightful wound on the fleshy part of his left leg. When bitten, we learn the deceased immediately jumped from the steps in front into the piazza of the City Hall, a distance of forty-five feet three inches, and screamed "murder!" After becoming perfectly exhausted, he made his way into the room of the Supreme Court, and in the most piteous and heart-rending terms, besought Chief Justice Jones to cut his head off (or the dog's—owing to the confusion which prevailed, we did not understand which) The unfortunate and dying man then left the court room, and meeting High Constable Hays at the door, gnashed his teeth at him in the most terrific and ferocious manner. To save his own life, Mr. Hayes at once struck him to the ground, and thereby probably preserved the lives of several individuals. He was immediately secured and gagged, and was then led into the Police Office, where he made his will, asked for a quid of Mrs. Miller's best Fine Cut Tobacco, and after suffering the most shocking spasms from hearing Justice Hopson propose that he be held under the pump to prove whether he was or not a raving maniac, he stretched himself out at full length—gasped faintly a few times, and died.

From the Same.

Thousands are congregated in front of the City Hall on the scene of the unhappy events above described. The lifeless and mangled remains of the dog are the theme of every tongue, and induces us to lay before our ten thousand readers the following particulars, which rival in interest the Murder in Thomas-street.

The dog is a lank, ugly looking animal, and judging from the length of his tail, which, by the way, has a very menacing and mysterious twist in it, we should say he was exactly eleven years and six months old lacking a day.—The gender of the dog is undoubted; we speak advisedly on this point. The nobodys of the Transcript and Sun may therefore as well let this matter rest. They tried to make out yesterday that the dog was no *dog*, but a *tom* cat of the *feminine* gender. But what can be expected of such trumpery people? One feature in the dog's countenance was peculiar, and accounts most satisfactorily for the result of the late calamity. He had a most singular squint, so that when our lamented friend beheld him approaching, he never suspected for a moment the dog was casting an evil eye upon him. He came towards him, surely, while his eyes seemed attracted by something in the Park, and as the Alderman turned and began to ascend the steps of the City Hall, the dog had seized him by the calf of the leg before he was aware of his proximity. We never thought any good would come of these dogs. They are never suffered in our presence, nor in the Herald office, whether four or two legged.

P.S. The whole town is electrified with the news that the Mad Dog now in the Park has been recognized as the property of Webb—James Watson Webb, of the Courier and Enquirer. We can now understand the meaning of repeated allusions made to us in Wall street, that finding he could not dispatch us with bludgeons, Webb had determided to *take us off* in another and a surer way. What will this enlightened, virtuous and moral community imagine that way to have been? We can answer. He had a *mad dog* chained up in his office, for the express purpose of loosing him upon the Editor of the Herald the first convenient opportunity! Will such a state of things be sanctioned? We call upon the public authorities to look into this matter. Are peaceable and respectable citizens to have mad dogs set upon them? Because the Herald and the Penny Press are undermining the great lumbering stupid sixpennies,—we say, because the Courier is losing subscribers daily while hundreds are flocking to the Herald office with money in their hands, are we to be taken off by one of Col. Webb's *Mad* Dogs? Not content with using cowhides and bludgeons, he must needs keep a Mad Dog to awe us into submission. No doubt the dog was trained for the purpose and mistook Alderman —— for the Editor of the Herald. From what a horrible doom have we escaped, and by what a miracle! Our very milk curdles to think of it! We are in constant horror of Hydrophobia and never intend until justice is meted out to Webb and us, to cease shouting at the top of our lungs, *Mad Dog! Mad Dog!*

Extract from The Transcript a week later.

The Mad *Dog Affair* like other dogs has not had its day, and the papers teem with it daily as in the case of the murder of Helen Jewett. After devoting our paper a whole week to the subject, we have learned various original and interesting facts not given by our contemporaries, and accordingly devote our columns to-day for that purpose, by which some important news from the South and from Europe are unavoidably crowded out.

Extract from The Sun, a week later.

Our whole space is occupied to-day, as usual, with additional particulars of the distressing case of Hydrophobia which occurred in the Park in front of the City Hall, this day last week. It is the subject of conversation everwhere, and a thousand rumors are afloat in relation to it. * * * * The report that Louis Phillippe has sent over a hundred Mad Dogs to be let loose in the principal cities of this country, we have too much reason to believe, is not without foundation!

There! If there is not an expression of Public Opinion for ye, my masters, let any doubting member of either Board of Alderman just try it, that's all. *Monsieur Morbleu* said, "I shall get some sleeps nevare, by Gar!" We hope the public authorities never will, while apprehended shouts of *Mad Dog!* are ringing in the ears of our citizens. If, as Pat once remarked of this *free* country, "the dogs are let loose and the stones tied down," it will not be deemed unchristianlike or uncharitable, we hope, in us, to express the wish that they way be the sufferers, who stand in the way of the protection of the public by legal enactment.

DISTURBANCE AT THE PARK THEATRE.

The usual even tenor of theatricals at the Park, has been interrupted within the last week by some notable disturbances and rows.

Mrs. Conduit's benefit was announced last week for the following Wednesday, and the Opera of *Guy Mannering*, selected by her for that occasion, was cast by the manager for the purpose, and publicity given to it in the newspapers. It was also somewhat generally understood that overtures had been made by Mrs. C. to the Woods, and their own price offered them for their services on that occasion, and that the offer was contemptuously declined.

Subsequently Mrs. Wood's benefit was announced for Tuesday, (the evening before Mrs. Conduit's) and the same Opera of Guy Mannering. It was also announced that the Woods would give a concert at the City Hotel on Wednesday, the very evening of Mrs. Conduit's benefit. Knowing nothing more of the circumstances than this, a sentiment was very prevalent in town that the Woods were inclined to injure Mrs. C., by using all the means in their power to preclude her from a good benefit;—never too large in the case of a stock actor. That they should refuse to play for her, and then forestall her in her choice of an opera, and give a concert on the same evening, did certainly seem a little ungenerous and oppressive.

The Courier gave direction to this sentiment in a brief article on Tuesday morning, intended evidently to help Mrs. Conduit to a good house by letting every one understand the facts of the case.

When Tuesday evening came, Mr. Wood was received with hisses and groans, and the play was not allowed to go on, till he had come forward and declared the article in the Courier of that morning to be *wholly unfounded*, with other remarks of little consequence but sufficiently satisfactory to the audience, and thereupon the opera proceeded.

Mrs. Conduit took her benefit on Wednesday, and we are most happy to say that it was a good one. The house was much fuller than we had anticipated, and we trust Mrs. C. realized a round sum from it.

The Thursday's Courier contained a notice of Mr. Wood's denial of the previous article, in which the Editor went into the subject at some length, and proved most satisfactorily the correctness of the first article, and then charged that "Mr. Wood had not exhibited a proper spirit of accommodation to a most meritorious auxiliary, at the same time that *he had most manifestly made a declaration to the Park audience not warranted by truth*."

This article produced quite a sensation, which the remarks of other papers was by no means calculated to allay. On Thursday evening crowds went to the theatre to give vent to their feelings on the subject, or to witness the display in others. *La Sonnambula* was the Opera. When Mrs. Conduit made her appearance in *Liza*, she was received with the warmest and heartiest rounds of applause, over and over again. It looked ominous of the final result. Mrs. Wood's reception was as kind as usual. But when at last Wood himself came tripping on as *Elvino*, the noise was immense, every one in the house lending his hands and feet and lungs to swell the tumult. For a full minute it seemed like one deafening roar of applause, but as the clapping and stamping gradually died away, you could hear a strong, decided and unmitigated HISS. This did not subside till Mr. Wood came forward and repeatedly begged to be heard in his defence. When the house was once still, he asked its indulgence, and went into a detailed account of the matter, unceremoniously dragging forward the Editor and the Reporter of the *Courier* by their names. He stated that he was unable to play for Mrs. C.'s benefit on account of his Concert that same evening, which had been fixed on a full month previous; that the selection of Guy Mannering for his lady's benefit was made without the slightest reference to Mrs. C., and (if we understood him rightly) *that he did not know that Mrs. C. had previously chosen it, until he saw the article in the Courier of Tuesday.*

He then stated that he had demanded of the Editor of the Courier a denial of his article, which was refused;—and that he had then been refused *the satisfaction of a gentleman*—"and what was he to do?" This was the substance of the speech, at least, the conclusion of which was so pointed that it for a moment carried the house by storm as it were, and the applause was loud. But Mrs. Conduit's friends now came to the rescue and hissed again. There were various unsuccessful attempts to hush it up, and some more talk on Mr. Wood's part. Just then Mrs. Conduit herself took *la parole*, and told her own story with much spirit and force, and was warmly cheered. We will not attempt to give her pretty speech. After this the manager himself came forward, and after sundry attempts to *get off*, which were interrupted by the corrections of Mrs. C., he at last confirmed the statements of Mr. Wood so far as related to the concert; but he distinctly stated *that, at the very moment when Mr. Wood expressed the wish to fix upon Guy Mannering for his wife's benefit, he told Wood that Mrs. Conduit had already chosen it for her benefit.*

The audience was evidently satisfied with the manager, but then there was a *rejoinder* from Mrs. C.;—a *sur rejoinder* from Mr. W.;—a *rebutter* from Mrs. C. and a *sur rebutter* from Mr. W.; and all these were enlivened by a running accompaniment of hisses or applause. Then ensued various explanations—a formal reconciliation between Wood and Mrs. C.—some fainting on the part of others—then a shaking of hands by the ladies, Mesdames Wood and Conduit; (this was considered a very striking point, and drew down the house,)—then they tried to go on with the play—that was again interrupted—Wood again came forward and demanded very pointedly of some one in the pit to speak up and say what he wanted—to this there was a blunt reply and another hiss—then the manager was was called on again, and he said a word and retired—then there was a row in the pit and an effort made to hustle some one out, which failed; and there were various other enactments, rather unusual on the boards of Old Drury, but which we will not attempt to enumerate. The matter was settled by the omission of a good portion of the first act; and Mr. Brough's very beautiful solo exercised so soothing an influence over the feelings of all, that there was no further interruption of the Opera! although ever and anon a breezy, hissing sound indicated that there were choice spirits yet left.

The cause of all this trouble lies in a nut shell. Notwithstanding all the explations of Mr. Wood, the public still believe that he acted ungenerously or at least indiscreetly in insisting upon Guy Mannering for the benefit of his wife. And if it was mere inadvertence on his part or thoughtlessness, he needed only to have frankly stated so to the audience, expressed a regret that he should have chanced to interfere with the interests of Mrs. Conduit and a willingness to play for her upon his usual terms, and all would have been right. But as he did neither of these things, but only insisted upon the entire propriety of his own conduct, and that somewhat *blusteringly* at last, the public we fear will still believe in the existence of a personal prejudice against Mrs. Conduit which prompted his whole conduct. It is not pretended that this has been in any respect dishonorable; but most of the play goers whom we have seen consider it decidedly ungenerous. From no one is the merit of generosity so severely exacted as a successful actor; and in return for this, it is no where else so highly appreciated and amply rewarded. It is really astonishing to us that Mr. Wood's good sense to say nothing of his good feelings, did not suggest to him a method of escaping the disgrace and severe lesson of Thursday evening, by yielding to the general wish, when it could not compromise him, and was sure to redound to his personal credit and popularity.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since the above was written, we have read the Courier of Friday, and have now no doubt that there will be a disturbance to-night, (Friday). It appears plain that in one particular Mr. Wood's memory must have been treacherous to him. We have not the slightest hope that the play will be allowed to go on. Mr. Woods' situation is in any event exceedingly unpleasant. In the first place he was too regardless of the interests of a poor actress, (whether from indifference or dislike, is now of little moment), he has now made matters worse by getting into a difference with the *Courier*, at the same time laying himself open on one material point. His attempts to extricate himself have been excessively *mal adroit*, and his former position on our stage, which a more submissive and generous conduct would have confirmed, is now entirely disturbed. We had hoped that the interruptions of Thursday evening *would have taught him and all other actors one useful lesson*, and that there the matter might have ended. We have now no such expectation. We question if New-Yorkers will ever again hear the music of the *Woods* on our stage.

Miss Modena's tragic drama of *Rienzi*, was produced at the Bowery on Monday last, and went off with great eclat. The scenery, dresses, etc., were uncommonly splendid. Between the 3d and 4th acts a platform is extended across the pit and the triumphal procession moves over it on to the stage, the back part of which is lowered so that while one portion of the procession is ascending from beneath the boxes the advance is sinking and gradually disappearing under the stage. The effect was grand and beautiful. Mr. Hamblin, although suffering from the asthma, played *Rienzi* to the life, and Mrs. Flynn's *Nina* was a highly creditable performance. The drama itself is superior to any previous effort of Miss Modena's, and the gorgeous style in which it has been got up will secure it a great run. The piece might be pruned to advantage, as the authoress will allow; it is quite too much to require the audience to listen to it a whole evening. And if Mr. St. Luke, who has effected a signal reformation in the orchestral department, would substitute a more spirited and brilliant march for the one now adopted for the Senator's procession, the whole would be in better keeping and accordanse with the "spirit of the times," at that period and the present.

A talented lady of the Augusta Theatre has sent $20 to the Committee appointed to superintend the dinner and ball to be given to the volunteers just returned from Florida. In her letter she speaks of the volunteers as those brave and noble minded men who left their friends, families, interest, and every thing that the heart of man holds dear, to go forth and combat a savage and ruthless foe, even in the midst of their own unhealthy fastnesses. Their best reward must be, the glorious feeling of their own brave hearts.—*Evening Star.*

The "talented lady" referred to, is Miss Charlotte Barnes of this city, who is starring there, with her parents. We have received the address written and delivered by Miss B. on the occasion alluded to, and shall give it a place the first opportunity.

Miss Phillips and Reeve have volunteered for Mr. Blake's benefit this evening. Let his friends muster in force to-night.

Malibran. If the honey-moon be "a line of lengthened sweetness long drawn out," Madame de Beriot may spend a portion of her's here, for we learn she is to be offered $40,000 for a year's services, by the managers of the National Theatre in this city. We hardly think she will accede to such terms when she understands that Celeste and the Woods have cleared about $80,000 within as many months.

In our account of the N. Y. Boat Club's last week we omitted to name a light 4oar'd boat named *Medora*, manned by heads of mercantile houses in Pine street, and Maiden Lane, who are following the emample of their clerks, and winning health and strength by morning and evening "pulls" about our beautiful bay.

Sporting Intelligence.

THE RACES NEXT WEEK! ARE YOU GOING?

"Again the tocsin sounds," and Turfmen, Amateurs, fine Horses and finer Men are assembling from all quarters to attend the Races. Already are our Hotels crowded with strangers, and the cry will soon be "what's to be done with the people?" Nearly every Jockey Club in America will be represented on Tuesday next. So much interest has not been felt for years in the result of any race, and more money will probably change hands than upon any previous occasion.

Ironette and *Juliana* arrived at DREW's on Monday last. The latter was not up to the mark, having seen a deal of hard work this spring and travelled many a long hundred miles since the last meeting. Ironette, however, was in fine plight, and we do not recollect to have seen her looking better. ARTHUR TAYLOR and WILLIS were with her.

Post Boy and *Bascomb* are at Drew's Hotel likewise. Four better nags were never stabled together. We saw the latter—a wiry, long backed horse, strongly put together, about 16 hands high. He is in high flesh, but it is hard and of the right sort; he usually runs pretty high, as does Ironette, who also looks as if drawing her a shade finer would do her no harm. Post Boy we did not see, but he is said to be "fine as silk." Barring accidents, they will come upon the course next Tuesday in tip-top condition.

As regards the entries for the Four mile Day, very little is known, positively, *Mingo* and *Ironette* are the only two that certainly go. If *Post Boy* should win the match he will probably be entered to meet Mingo. Bascomb will only run the match; he will not be entered for the 4 mile day in any event. *Cadmus* or *Veto* may possibly start, but one of them will meet *Juliana* on the Three mile day, and very likely *Middlesex*.

As we predicted, the odds here from being 3 to 1 on Post Boy have declined to *even*. Bascomb's friends are so sanguine that we should not be surprised if the odds were in his favor before the start. In Baltimore last Monday, 5 to 4 was offered on him.

At the conclusion of the great match race on the Union Course, a very fine *Trotting Match* comes off over the Centreville Course the same afternoon for $1000 a side between *Lady Slipper* and *Dutchman*, so that people may "kill two birds with one stone."

The *New York Jockey Club* hold a meeting THIS DAY, at the City Hotel. Members are requested to be in attendance by 3 o'clock, P. M, for the transaction of business. Dinner at 5 o'clock precisely.

The following is the programme of the Races next week:—

☞ RACES.—The Second Spring Meeting over the Union Course, will take place on Tuesday next, May 31st, and continue four days.

1st Day—Tuesday,

The match between the North and South, four mile heats, for $5000 aside, half forfeit. To name at the starting post.

2d Day—Wednesday,

Purse $300 .... Two Mile Heats.

3d Day—Thursday,

Purse $500 .... Three Mile Heats.

4th Day—Friday,

Purse $1000 .... Four Mile Heats.

John Bascomb the winner of the match against *Argyle* is at the Union Course; as also *Ironette*, in Col. Johnson's stable. If nothing happens to either horse, it is expected that BASCOMB and POST BOY will start in the match on Tuesday next.

ALEXANDER L. BOTTS.
DAVID H. BRANCH.

ON DITS IN SOUTHERN SPORTING CIRCLES.

WASHINGTON, May 23d.

DEAR SIR:—It is said that COL. CROWELL has been offered $25000 for *Bascomb* and $8000 for *Lady Nashville*. He has purchased of Maj. DONALDSON a filly 2 years old by Stockholder out of Bolivia's dam, for which he paid $1500. Is not this encouraging to breeders? Yours, N.

WASHINGTON CITY, MONDAY NIGHT, 23d May.

DEAR SIR:—I deeply regret to inform you that Col. CROWELL returned this evening from Baltimore, having received information that the Creeks had burnt his houses and destroyed his plantation. He much fears they have taken all his blooded stock, among which are *Lady Nashville*, *Bill Austin*, *Bolivia*, *Lady Branch*, some half dozen *Leviathan* colts and other valuable stock amounting to near $60,000. His loss at all events will not fall short of $40,000.

The friends of Col. Crowell will deeply sympathize with him at his losses; as a *liberal turfite* and high minded gentleman he has no superior. He was the first Delegate in Congress from Alabama, and for many years Agent for the Creeks. They have heretofore been devoted to him; but his letter to the Governor of Alabama, and his coming on to Washington have drawn upon him the wrath of the Indians. In great haste, truly yours, N.

WASHINGTON CITY, MAY 21, 1836.

DEAR SIR—I had only time while in Baltimore, to give a very hasty and imperfect account of the two last days of the Central. With but little more leisure on my hands, I will give you some little turf matters picked up "by the wayside."

The Central is a delightful course—the manager a finished gentleman, courteous and polite—attentive to strangers, and in every respect deserving the patronage of the public. The course is, however, much too far from Baltimore, inasmuch as the expense necessarily incurred in going to and from, prevents many from attending. An eminent turfite suggested to me whether it would not be better to issue tickets at the entrance gate, which would authorise a gentleman to go wherever he pleased. I think it would be a most excellent plan.

I saw *Mazeppa* at Col. Selden's stables. He is a beautiful (some think differently) bay, with black mane, legs and tail, and has a small star in his forehead. He has fine size. His feet are in a wretched condition; his hind leg has not recovered (and I think never will recover) from the strain which caused him to be taken off the turf. He has less surplus flesh about him than any horse I have ever seen. He was a *racer*.

Cippus has piled up several thousand dollars on the back of *Industry*, and I should not be surprised if he made his next season at sixty or one hundred dollars. Sic transit gloria mundi—every season brings a fresh stallion into repute.

The poor show Stevens' stables made at the Central, has had the effect of running *Bascomb* stock up to par. Among the On dits are *two* of interest—the one that "the old Napoleon" is negotiating a match for $20,000 aside between *Ironette* and *Post-Boy*, four mile heats with 107 pounds on each. With those weights the old Dominion would run it up to her last dollar—the other, that Col. Crowell is willing to match *Bascomb* against *Post-Boy* for $50,000 aside, the race to come off over this course. Go it ye pippins—who's *afeard*?

Mr. JAMES JACKSON, at the Club table, made the following proposition:—To enter the get of last year in one, two, three and four mile heats. Subscriptions $2000—h. f. Ten subscribers or more to make a race—of course each subscriber to subscribe to each race—the races to come off in 1840 over the Central course. Mr. J. has purchased *Glencoe* at 2000 guineas. He made this season in Europe. Mr. Flintoff has gone over for him and will bring over three more, provided he gets such as Mr. J. has his eye upon.

Mr. *Beasley* has bought Sally Eubanks, by Roanoke. He paid $3000 for her.

If *Veto* and *Cadmus* ever run at the Central, in good condition with a *good* rider on their backs, the way there will be pockets to let will be a sin to poor murdered Davy. I do hold that WILLIS would certainly have won the first heat with Veto—and with Cadmus, he could have turned his face to the horse's tail and won. By the by, he rode *Enceiro*, and had not his owner have drawn him after the first heat, he would have pocketed a cool thousand, and divers others, *mere spectators*, would not have been troubled with starved pocket-books. He is dead game, and 8:11—8:13 and 8:35 would only have given him wholesome exercise. But as old Nicks used to say, "no man knows whether he will go to heaven or hell until after resurrection day, and *then every body knows it*."

OLIVER has sold half his course to J. S. GARRISON, ESQ. the gentleman who was *impolite* enough to take both days at the Central. O. is making arrangements to establish a large course at New-Orleans. If he does the right thing there, he will make more money than a mule can pack.

I went to the Theatre in Baltimore. BALLS was playing better, if possible, than I had ever seen him. KNIGHT—but then I am fearful of offence.

Yours, W.

Trotting Match at Baltimore.

The following Trotting Match came off over the Kendall Course, near Baltimore, on Monday last the 23d—Two mile heats, for $250 a side.

Chas. Myers' *Butcher Bill*, driven by P. Wheelan	0	1	1
Geo. Peter's *Boston*, driven by Mr. Woodruff	0	2	2

Time, 1st heat 5:55—2d. 5:52—3d. 5:58.

MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

BALTIMORE, May 20th, 1836.

DEAR SIR:—I jumped in the car at Washington on Wednesday evening determined to see the *winding up days* of the Central. A splendid bill of fare for yesterday, met my eye as I entered *Barnum's*: *Veto*, the conquerer of Catharine Davis, Dr Syntax and a field of good "uns"—*Netty* (imported) sired by Velocipede and out of a Tramp mare—what could be better? *Juliana* that *once* beat the "Indian Chief," and in various fields won laurels for herself and money for her owner—*Lady Archiana*, in whose veins a few drops of the "Silverheels" blood flow, and last but not least *Cippus* that *impudent* horse, that won the three mile day at Washington. This certainly formed a fine field. Betting was not brisk—Veto and Juliana against the field were freely offered, with but an occasional taker. Once in a while a *C* was put up and I caught a glimpse of a couple or 3 L's; but an X, or an old fashioned V, were never mentioned.

When the horses were stripped, I went in company with two experienced turfites to examine them. Veto seemed dull—his spirits had fled and his *outward* appearance betokened that there was an *ailing within*. Juliana is a "high-topofical" nag—seemingly at first glance, 17 hands high. She was evidently out of fix and "off her foot." Netty, the pretty little foreign lass, was apparently as cheerful and gay as a spring bird—a close examination convinced me that her flesh was not hard. How could it have been?—Six weeks was all the training she had had. Lady Archiana seemed chock full of wild cats and vinegar—it took two men and a boy to start her, and as to examining her; that was impossible, a half second being the longest time she remained in one position. Cippus, the *black varmint*, looked killing, perhaps a little too much drawn; but who shall gainsay what old Charles does?

At the tap of the drum they got off tolerably well, Veto some forty yards behind. For the first round the Velocipede led, closely pursued by Archiana, *Blacky* in the centre, Juliana and Veto waiting. This state of things was not much changed until the last half mile of the 3d round, when Blacky finding he could win the heat without trouble, concluded he would do so, all parties apparently willing to this arrangement. The heat run in 6:02—heavens! what snorting time for crack nags. Pending the heat, some gentleman spoke slightingly of the "d——d imported animal," and expressed his belief that she would be distanced: another gentleman bet $50 to $30 four times over she would not. I visited her between heats and found her much distressed. Her owners determined to draw her, but this gentleman eloquently plead that she should start—spoke of her *freshness* and brilliant chance to wagon off with the $500. The question was settled by Mr. ELLIOT, (the husband of Madame Celeste) paying $1500 for her. Archiana cooled off well and did not seem much distressed. Juliana and the Black seemed lively as crickets; Veto pawed the earth, yet there was something about his appearance that bespoke a *willingness* rather than *ability* to perform. The Velocipede looked a little varmentish.

At the tap of the drum they got off well, the Foreigner, Archiana and Juliana making the running—Juliana soon took the lead and kept it for two rounds, when the Black went up and passed her—Veto now made his run, but he had placed himself *injudiciously* and, in making up the gap had too much to do—the black horse won it handily, distancing Netty and Archiana. Heat run in 5:55.

MAY 19.—Proprietor's Purse, $500. Three mile heats

Jas. S. Garrison's bl. c. *Cippus* by Industry, 4 years, 100 lbs	1	1
John C. Stevens' ch. c. *Veto* by Gohanna, 4 years, 100 lbs	5	2
Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. *Juliana* by Gohanna, 5 years, 107 lbs	4	3
P. Wallis' gr. m. *Lady Archiana* by Archy, 6 years, 115 lbs	2	dis.
Kendall and Shepherd's imp. *Netty* by Velocipede, dam by Tramp, 4 years, 97 lbs	3	dis.

Time, 1st heat 6:02—2d heat 5:55.

For to-day's race there were 4 entries, but *Cadmus*, the pet of the North—the best son of old Eclipse—the nag that cut off three miles in 5:51 and repeated it in 5:47½ had been entered, and the thing seemed to be plain to every body. *Bumper* (formerly John Marshall,) and *Nelly Webb* were untried—*Enceiro* was known to be game, but then the grey mare had carried him through the flint mill, only a week ago, and of course he was not in proper tune. He was however taken against the field at 30 to 100—Cadmus against the field at 2 to 1 was quite current. When they were stripped, Bumper looked *wolfish*, and appeared a hand taller than when I had seen him in the stable. His form is fine—his carriage proud and lofty, and his finish of the first style. He is not *large enough round the heart* for a good four mile horse. Old Charles looked that calm quiet look, that says, "I'm gwine to git this *puss*," and the way he *chawed* his *quid*, spoke volumes. Enciero looked lifeless—but Willis was to ride him and that was 50 per cent. clear gain. Cadmus looked well, though that cheerful appearance which distinguished Bumper from his competitors, was missing, I have never seen such a back and limbs, shoulders and ribs to any horse. The finish was wanting, and the casual observer would have mistaken him for a dray horse. Nelly Webb was apparently a little too high.

They got off very well—Cadmus behind—after the first half mile he went up and passed Bumper and Nelly who had had the lead. His rider seemed unable to control him. The first mile was run in 1:58½—the 2nd in 2:01½—the 3d in 2:05 and 4th in 2.05½, making the heat 8:10¾. He won it to all appearance without a struggle, no horse appearing to run for it. Enceiro was drawn, not that he was distressed, but the "*favorite*" had won without an effort, and looked as fresh as when he started.

All cooled off well—100 to 20, Cadmus vs. the field was oftener offered than taken—though a gentleman near me bet 25 to 100 4 times over that Bumper would win the money. They got off well together—Cadmus soon took the lead which he kept under a hard pull until the last round of the last heat, when the thing changed wonderfully, and Bumper passed him with ease and won the heat in—don't mention the time—8:13.

100 to 20 that Cadmus would not win—even that he would be distanced, were cried from various quarters—*wise* men sprung up in every direction—hundreds knew he was a *dunghill*. Oh what a *smart* world this is, when a race is *over*, and what lots of wholesome information is gratuitously furnished one after the thing is finished For the 3d heat Cadmus made good running 2 miles and a half, when he was passed, and in the first quarter of the 4th mile was full 120 yards behind the other horses—$100 that he would be distanced seemed to come from every point of the compass. In entering the back stretch he gradually made up his gap, at the turn he shortened it, and at the entrance to the last stretch a hundred voices proclaimed he would win the heat. He did not, though he gave it "a Georgetown grazer," and mad emany a heart leap to the region of the mouth among those who had taken the long odds against him. He lost the money—time *cruel*!! 8:35!

MAY 20.—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, Four mile heats.

J. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Bumper* by John Richards, 4 years, 100 lbs	2	1	1
J. C. Stevens' ch. h. *Cadmus* by Eclipse, 5 years, 110 lbs	1	3	2
J. B. Kendall's ch. m. *Nelly Webb* by Industry, 5 years, 107 lbs	4	2	3
C. Thompson's b. h. *Enceiro* by Star, 5 years, 110 lbs	3	dr.	

Time 1st heat 8:11—2d 8:13—3d 8:35.

In great haste, yours, N.

HARLEM TROTTING COURSE. We had not received a report of the meeting this week, when our paper went to press. What has become of ARMSTRONG?

J. BEVERLY PRYOR, the pedestrian, was killed at Columbus, Miss. last week, in an affray. Particulars in our next.

NIMROD'S TOUR.—We can indebted to Messrs. Wiley and Long, the New York publishers, for a copy of this entertaining work, and have only time to remark that a more accptable one to sportsmen would not have been republished. We hope to give copious extracts in our next and in the mean time advise every lover of dogs or horses to possess himself of a copy.

KENDALL COURSE RACES, MD.

FIRST DAY, May 24, 1836 Sweepstakes for three years old, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100; 5 subs.

J. M. Selden's ch. c. by Sir Charles	1	1
J. B. Kendall's b. c. by Henry	2	2
W. L. White's ch. c. *Cash*, by Carolinian	3	3

Time each heat, 1:50.

SECOND RACE, Same Day. Sweepstakes for three years old, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft.; 5 subs.

J. B. Kendall's b. f. by Spring Hill	2	1
J. M. Selden's b. f. by Sussex	1	dis.
L. Hoffman's b. f. by James Cropper	3	dis.

Time 1st heat, 1:53—2d, 1:55.

Maj. Selden's filly came out ahead in the 2d heat, but was declared distanced in consequence of foul riding.

SECOND DAY, May 25. Proprietor's Purse, $500. Three Mile heats.

Carey Thompson's b. h. *Enceiro*, by Star, 5 yrs. 110lbs	7	6	1	1
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. f. *Harriet Maynard*, by Industry, 4 yrs. 97lbs	5	2	2r.o	
James Dixon's ch. h. *Go Ahead*, by Industry, 5 yrs, 110lbs	2	4	dr.	
Jacob Powder's br. c. *Tyro*, by Forrester, 4 yrs. 100lbs	6	3	4r.o.	
O. P. Hare's b. c. *Buccaneer*, by Gohanna, 4 yrs. 100lbs	1	5	5	3
J. B. Kendall's (Mr. Dorsey's) ch. m. *Nelly Webb*, by Industry, 5 yrs, 107lbs	4 dist.			
Richard Adams' b. h. *Alp*, by Rockingham, 5 yrs. 110lbs	3	1	3	2

Time 1st heat, 5:01—2d, 5:54—3d, 5:54—4th, 6:19.

N.'S REPLY TO "ALABAMA."

WASHINGTON CITY, May 24th, 1836.

DEAR SIR:—"ALABAMA" is wide of the mark in attributing to me a disposition "to award to *Miss Medley*, more credit than to *John Bascomb*." I own no interest in the *Medley stock*, and omitted telling that the *Macon Course* was short of a mile, from the simple fact that if such is the case, I am ignorant of it. If it be any gratification to "Alabama" to know my opinion of the relative merits of Bascomb and Miss Medley, I most cheerfully give it. I think him a better racer than the mare, and able to beat her at all distances. As a stallion, I would breed from *Bertrand* in preference to *Medley* or any other horse in America, except imported *Leviathan*. Will "Alabama" be kind enough to give "the length of the Macon Course?" As regards *betting*, he need not give himself any uneasiness. Ten thousand mules packed down with "*mint drops*" will find customers among the friends of *Post Boy*. The North will "stand up to the rack," and as long as the *Deposite and Safety-fund Banks flourish*, it will have *plenty of fodder*.

Yours, N.

COLUMBUS, Ga., JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The following report of the Columbus races we find in the *Southern Recorder*, published at Milledgeville. The Recorder's correspondent "slings a pen to kill" as they say in Buffalo, but is not his account influenced in a slight degree by a very natural partiality? An acquaintance with the facts, if not with the writer, induces us to hazard the conjecture.

The Columbus Races commenced over the Western Course, on Tuesday, 3d instant. The course was very well attended, and would have been more so, but for the impression that the small pox was in Columbus. This race has passed over without any quarreling, fighting, &c. and there was nothing done which was calculated to disturb the peace and happiness of any one. The ladies too, (God bless them) a fine lot of them, attended the three and four mile days, which no doubt had great influence in keeping order.

First Day, May 3, 1836.—Colt's purse, $100.

Howard and Kenan entered b. c. by Mucklejohn, dam unknown.

There being no other colt in training, he walked around and took the purse.

Second Day, May 4.—Two mile heats, purse $300.

The following entries were made—

Col. Crowell's g. m. *Bolivia*, 5 years old, by Bolivar, dam Constitution, 107 lbs.	1	1
Howard & Kenan's c. f. *Jane Lamar*, 4 years old, by Contention, dam by Gallatin, 97 lbs.	2	2
Col. Sprowls' h. g. *Emerald*, 6 years old, by Timoleon, dam by Archy, 105 lbs	3	dr'n

Time, 1st heat, 3:58½—2d, 4:01.

The first heat was very interesting. At the start, Emerald took the lead, and kept it for a mile and a quarter, when he was locked by Boliva and Jane Lamar—a blanket would have covered the three for the next half mile—when Bolivia took the lead and won the heat. beating Jane Lamar about two lengths and Emerald 30 or 40 yards—Bets, Bolivia against the field.

The second heat Emerald was drawn: Bolivia took the lead, kept it, and won the race with ease. Jane Lamar acquitted herself very well. She was entirely too high and her friends had but little hopes that she would, in that condition, beat Bolivia, who had proved herself to be something more than common.

Third Day, May 5.—Three mile heats, purse $500.

Col. Crowell's c. f. *Accacia*, 4 years old, by Henry, dam by Marshal Duroc, 97 lbs.,	1	1
Col. J. J. Pittman's c. f. *Mary Doubleday*, by John Henry, dam by Dungamon,	2	2

Time, 1st heat, 5:58½—2d, 5:59.

This was a well contested race—Mary was close up all the time—but couldn't get "ahead." Accacia was the favorite—bets, two to one.

Fourth Day, May 6.—Four mile heats, purse $800.

Howard & Kenan's g. f. *Miss Medley*, 5 years old, by Medley, dam by St. Tammany, 107 lbs.	1	1
Col. Crowell's br. f. *Lady Nashville*, 6 years old, by Stockholder, dam by imp. Strap, 115 lbs.,	2	2

Time, 1st heat, 7:56—2d 8:1.

This race created a great deal of excitement. It was thought until Thursday evening that American Citizen would run—when it was understood that he would not run—then the betting commenced between the two ladies. I don't recollect of seeing such heavy betting before. There was between 30 and 40 thousand dollars lost and won. Miss Medley having beaten Lady Nashville at Macon and Nashville having beaten her at Augusta (I have understood she was publicly proclaimed out of order there,) each had their friends. The "*knowing ones*" backed Lady Nashville—and there would have been a great deal more bet had it not been understood that Col. Crowell pronounced his mare in much finer order than Miss Medley. The owners of Miss M. having but little experience in racing, and their trainer, Mr. Benton Martin, being a *young man*, (but something more in his profession) the friends of Miss Medley were not very anxious to back their judgment against the old Colonel's. The "*knowing ones*" became still more confident and in some instances bet two to one.

But it turned out to be no race at all—Miss Medley having won both heats with ease, and under a strong pull, while Lady Nashville was whipped and spurred nearly the whole time. The first heat Medley took the lead, Nashville about a length behind; Nashville made several attemps to come up, but it was "no go." The second heat Medley took the lead, Nashville about two lengths behind. They run in that position three and a quarter miles, when Medley, not wishing to lay back any longer, with such an unequal partner, took leave of her and came in under a strong pull—beating her 50 to 75 yards. An hour afterwards you could not have told she had run at all—she was as gay and sprightly as ever.—She's a screamer!—and it will take a Post Boy, or a John Bascombe, to beat her; and I think it extremely doubtful whether they can do it or not. I will prophecy that Hickory John will not run the race with Miss Medley—that he'll pay forfeit. If he runs it, it is the opinion of one, that on the second heat he will be found where Argyle was when Bascombe run—a long way behind.

Fifth day, May 7.—1 mile heats, best three in five.

Col. Sprowls b. g. *Emerald*, 6 years old, by Timoleon, dam by Archy, 90 lbs	1	1	1
Howard & Kenan's c. f. *Jane Lamar*, 4 years old, by Contention, dam, by Gallatin, 97 lbs	2	3	2
Col. Pittman's c. f. *Mary Doubleday*, 5 years old, by John Henry, dam by Dungamon, 84 lbs	3	2	3

Time—1st heat, 1:52—2d do. 1:53—3d do. 1:53.

MISLETOE'S BANTER NOT ACCEPTED.

Misletoe's banter has *not* been accepted. Mr. WARD of Ky. offered to run her against any horse in Tennessee, the 22d day of Sept. next, the day after the match between *Rodolph* and *Angora*, at Greensburg, Ky. Gen. MABRY, of Tenn., who resides 185 miles east of Nashville, offers io run the match there on the 9th of June next, and to pay Mr. Ward $100 for coming to Nashville, and also to make the match for $2000 a side, instead of $1000. Gen. M. also offers to run his Leviathan filly *Mary*, mile heats, over the same course, for $1000 a side, h. ft. against any Kentucky bred nag, on the 7th of same month. Gen. M. pleads other engagements for not accepting Mr. Ward's challenge to run in Sept. at Greensburg. Mr. W. conceives that his banter has not been accepted, and therefore we fear the anticipated match will fall to the ground.

Miss Medley. After her late race of Columbus, Ga., her owners refused $5000 for her and her engagement with *Hickory John*.

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.

Matthews, Count Boroulaski, and a well-known Dramatist.—At his cottage in Kentish Town, Matthews often gave very delightful parties; on one of these occasions he invited a well-known dramatist, whom we shall *call* Mr. X———: this gentleman has suffered for many years from a nervous disorder resembling St. Vitus's dance, which is sometimes sufficiently powerful in its effects to keep him standing on one leg and dangling the other by way of accompaniment for half an hour at a crossing ere he can summon nerve to proceed. Amid the other visitors on the day Mr. X——— came, was the celebrated dwarf Count Boroulaski. X——— was anxious to behold him, and to get a view without offending the *amour propre* of the Polish noble. Matthews told him that the Count was in one of the winding walks of the garden, off tottered X———, but shortly returning, tottering and stammering, with his *staccato* laugh, exclaimed, "He—really—is—ha—ha!—the drollest—little—creature—in—the—world;—excuse me,—ha—ha!—Mathews,—I—wouldn't be—rude,—but—I—must have another—look—at—him." Off went X——— in a pace resembling nothing so much as that of a two-day old calf (technically called a staggering bob); and immediately after up came the little Count, laughing and speaking shrilly, "My tear Madews," he cried, "who is dat ver funne man vat valk as if his legs vas stilts; he go blunder a little dime, den stop to shake hisself; and den stagger on agen; I beg your pardons, Midder Madews, bot I must have toder peep ad him." Off whisked the little Pole to look after the dramatist, who was concealed behind a tree to catch a glimpse at the Count; the latter, whose curiosity did not get the better of his breeding, concealed himself also; presently out stumbled X———, and pottered past the place where the Count was ensconced, sniggering to himself as he caught a glance of the dwarf; a moment after forth darted the little fellow, stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth to conceal his laughter at the oddity of the dramatist's gait. Mathews, whose walk (for it was after his accident) all must remember, stood looking at each, and exclaimed, "Now, isn't it a most amazing thing, though all the rest of the world see it, X——— don't know that there is anything peculiar in his motions at all?"

First Violin Concerto Player.—The first name on record, as having played upon the stage a concerto on the violin, was Mr. Dubourg, of whom Handel was an admirer. At the Oratorios that great master gave in Covent Garden Theatre, in 1741 and 1742, Mr. D. appeared for many successive nights. Several other performers on that instrument started soon after, and in 1776 one Signor Rossignol performed *a la* Paganini; indeed went beyond him, for he advertised "a concerto on the violin *without strings*." Whether the joke turned on the plural number it is now impossible to ascertain.

Harlequin, Clown, and Pantaloon.—The Deptford Theatre (for there actually is a theatre at Deptford) is by a small creek which flows from the Thames. The back of the stage has folding-doors, which open upon the bank of this stream. Paulo, Ellar, and Barnes were enacting a pantomine at the theatre, which they had rehearsed on the top of a Greenwich stage going down! Poor P., in the course of his flip-flaps, burst open the fatal door, and went head over heels into this tributary of the Thames. Not at all angry, he scrambled out, and crying, "Why, Tom," (to Ellar) "I came down to play in a pantomine, not a water-piece," proceeded with his clownship as if nothing had occurred.

A riglar Yankee's Evidence.—When Kean was in America, he occasionally "broke out," as it is termed. On one of these occasions he committed divers outrages, was incarcerated, and brought before the authorities in the morning. Of what had occurred Kean and his party had only a confused recollection; nor was the case made very clear by the following evidence, taken down as uttered:—

"I was going through Valley of Death (a place so called) 'cause there a'nt no directer line to my store, when I was sudden strik, and driv back considerable—I'm not quite capable to say which done that—I falls slick down—for it was over slithery, as it *snew* considerable—then this varment (meaning Kean) speaking to I, says 'Get up and I'll lick you elegant,' to which I was no ways given; but when John Adams and another come, I riz. Then this varment fetches me an almighty blow on the nose, and John Adams had t'others stick *poken* in his eye." On this lucid evidence Kean and his companions were declared guilty and fined.

Suett and Wewitzer's Hoax.—Parsons was the victim of asthma, and suffered so much in the confined atmosphere of a theatre, that he had a small window cut for him at each house, so that when he left the stage, he might inhale the fresh air: these were called "Parsons' port-holes." When Suett first came up, "*uncooked*, from Yorkshire," the actors persuaded him that Parsons visited this "cupboard," as they termed it, to take his wine. At the suggestion of his hoaxers, Suett undertook to steal the bottle. Old Wewitzer was perched upon a ladder, and held the wine, which, when Suett put his hand through, he popped into it. Suett cracked the bottle, chuckling over the want of sociality in Parsons' running, after every scene, to drink on the sly. According to the prevalent taste for practical jokes, the bottle had been impregnated with *pulvis rhei*, and poor Dicky soon felt extremely unwell. The idea presented itself that this was some medicine, Suett ran to Parsons, and said hastily—"Pray, what is it you take when you go to that port-hole?" "What I am obliged to take in the state my lungs are," said Parsons. This was conviction strong. Home ran poor Suett, with awful forebodings, sent for his doctor, described his symptoms, and was ordered some medicine, which accomplished what his fears had already predisposed him for—Dicky was on a sick bed. The hoaxers now relented, and confessed the plot. Dicky recovered, and seemed to have forgotten it; but he only hoarded up vengeance, to wreak it on the head of his principal tormentor, Wewitzer, who, some months after, received a letter from Scotland, informing him that his sister, Lady ———, was on her death-bed, begged to be reconciled, wished him to leave the stage on an annuity, &c. Off went Wewitzer to the manager, obtained, with great difficulty, permission to go to Scotland, borrowed the amount of his expenses of the coadjutors in the hoax on Suett, crossed the border, found his sister by no means disposed to forgive or receive him, and not at all likely to quit this world. Back came poor Ralph, foaming with rage; attributed the whole plot to his companions (never suspecting simple Suett;) and, quarrelling with every one of them, refused to refund the amount lent. For weeks this went on, all the parties meeting daily, as was then the custom with the Covent-garden and Drury-lane actors, at a house in Clare-market. Wewitzer at length became so exasperated, that, to pacify him, the parties accused offered to make an affidavit of their innocence. During all this, Dicky sat fondling a dog that was called "Suett's familiar." At last he broke forth with "O dear! O la! don't lay out your shillings. It was I did it; and now we're even for the rhubarb, my Witzy." Very few jokes were attempted with Suett after this.

THE TIN TRUMPET, OR HEADS AND TALES.

Though it is but a tiny thing, a tin trumpet, we must take another blow at it. It is lively, and reminds us (in more ways than one, as we shall show at the close of this notice) of bygone days, when fairs were suffered, and children were permitted to be merry; *i. e.* before the Schoolmaster strode abroad to make Utilitarians of four years old, and Philosophers of five. In the chubby times of hoops and hop-scotch, when "Tom Thumb" and "Goody Two-shoes" were unproscribed nursery books, and the *infant*-ry of Britain were not trained with the gravity of Spaniards, a tin trumpet was equally noisy and agreeable to urchin ears and lips. But, blessed be the march of intellect and the spread of knowledge! we have lived to see a "talented" and practical epoch. A kite, now, is made to teach aerostation and electricity; a peg-top served to illustrate mechanics; a foot-ball, projectiles and, perhaps, geography; a skipping rope, geometry and the laws of motion; marbles, the fine arts; and cards and counters, astronomy and ethics. Moral philosophy, for aught we know, be inculcated with a rattle, and physic with a drum; and as we assert we are improving, wait but another lustre, and,

Good heavens, how wise we shall be!

As yet we are not wise enough to keep out of *law*, where the professors get the oyster and the disputant the shells:—

"*Law* (says Dr. Chatfield)—English—see Hocus Pocus, and Chicanery. The following character, or rather sentence of condemnation, was pronounced upon it, by one well acquainted with his subject—the lecturer over the remains of the late Jeremy Bentham. In answer to the question, what is this boasted English law, which, as we have been told for ages, renders us the envy and admiratino of surrounding nations, he replies, "The substantive part of it, whether as written in books or expounded by judges, a chaos, fathomless and boundless; the huge and monstrous mass being made up of fiction, tautology, technicality, circuity, irregularity, and inconsistency; the administrative part of it, a system of exquisitely contrived chicanery; a system made up of abuses; a system which constantly places the interest of the judicial minister in opposition to his duty; so places his interest in opposition to his duty, that in the very proportion in which it serves his ends, it defeats the ends of justice. * * *

"*Lawyers*—generally know too much of law to have a very clear conception of justice, just as divines are often too deeply read in theology to appreciate the full grandeur and the proper tendencies of religion. Losing the abstract in the concrete, the comprehensive in the technical, the principal in its accessories, both in the predicament of the rustic who could not see London for the houses. It has been invidiously said, that lawyers pass their time in taking advantage of their contemporaries; but if we may credit the authority of Foote, they sometimes outwit the undertaker after their death. That facetious person being once summoned into the country, by the relatives of a respectable practitioner, to whom he had been appointed executor, was asked what directions should be given respecting the funeral. "What may be your practice in the country," said a wag. "I do not exactly know; but in London, when a lawyer dies, his body is disposed of in a very cheap and simple manner. We lock it up in a room over night, and by the next morning it has always totally disappeared. Whither it has been conveyed we cannot tell to a certainty; but there is invariably such a strong smell of brimstone in the chamber, that we can form a shrewd guess at the character of the conveyancer."

Another learned profession is thus pithily described:—

Medical Practice.—Guessing at Nature's intentions and wishes, and then endeavoring to substitute man's.

The third of the great pursuits of men, which adds divinity to law and physic, offers us an extract or two:—

"*Missions*—Religious.—An attempt to produce in distant and unenlightened nations, an uniformity of opinion on subjects upon which the missionaries themselves are at fierce and utter variance; thus submitting an European controversy of 1800 years to the decision of a synod of savages. Where the missionary begins with civilising and reclaiming the people among whom he is cast, he cannot fail to improve their temporal condition, and he is likely to contribute to their spiritual welfare; neither of which objects can be attained by the hasty zealot, who commences by the teaching the five points of Calvinism to barbarians unable to count their five fingers. There is no reason to suppose that the rapid conversion of the whole word to Christianity forms any part of the scheme of Providence, since, in eighteen centuries, so little comparative progress has been made towards its accomplishment." * *

We are not aware whether the following curious story be actual, or coloured, or invented; but, at any rate, *si non vero e ben trovato*:—

"Our minds are like certain drugs and perfumes, which must be crushed before they evince their vigour, and put forth their virtues. Lundy Foot, the celebrated snuff manufacturer, originally kept a small tobacconists's shop at Limerick. One night his house, which was uninsured, was burnt to the ground. As he contemplated the smoking ruins on the following morning in a state bordering on despair, some of the poor neighbours, groping among the embers for what they could find, stumbled upon several canisters of unconsumed but half-baked snuff, which they tried, and found it so grateful to their noses, that they loaded their waistcoat pockets with the spoil. Lundy Foot, roused from his stupor, at length imitated their example, and took a pinch of his own property, when he was instantly struck by the superior pungency and flavor it had acquired from the great heat to which it had been exposed. Treasuring up this valuable hint, he took another house in a place called Black Yard, and preparing a large oven for the purpose, set diligently about the manufacture of that highdried commodity which soon became widely known as Black Yard snuff; a term subsequently corrupted into the more familiar word—Blackguard. Lundy Foot, making his customers pay literally through the nose, raised the price of his production, took a larger house in Dublin, and ultimately made a handsome fortune by having been ruined."

Another anecdote is not new, but will bear telling again:—

"It is not generally known that names may be affected, and even completely changed by the state of the weather. Such, however, is unquestionably the case. The late Mr. Suet, the actor, going once to dine about twenty miles from London, and being only able to get an outside place on the coach, arrived in such a bedraggled state from incessant rain, and so muffled up in great coats and pocket-handkerchiefs, that his friend inquired, doubtingly, "Are you *Suet?*" "No!" replied the wag, "I'm *dripping!*"

Husband and Wife.—Husband. The Club, a taste for French coocks, expensive wines, and sensual luxuries; fastidious epicurism; a dislike of the plain meals which he finds at home, although the only ones adapted to his fortune and his station; confirmed absenteeism, and clubbism—hatred of the wife, who reproaches him for his selfish desertion—late hours—estrangement—profligacy—misery! *Wife.* Natural resentment of neglect—reproaches—altercations—diminution of conjugal affection—dissipation, as a resource against the dulness of home—expensive habits—embarrassment—total alienation of the heart—dangerous connexions—infidelity—misery! Of this account current the items may vary, either in quality or sequence, but the alpha and omega will ever be the same. It will begin with the club, and end with misery.

Puns, &c.—"Absurd as it was to expect a rational answer from T. H., I ventured to ask how it came that all our best poets were obliged to write prose? "Because poetry is *prose-scribed*," was his reply. * *

"*Quibble—Quirk—Quiddet.*—See Law Proceedings. (2.) "True!" cried a lady, when reproached with the inconsistant marriage she had made; "I have often said I never would marry a parson, or a Scotchman, or a Presbyterian; but I never said I would not marry a Scoth Presbyterian parson. * *

"*A Coxcomb*, not very remarkable for the acuteness of his feelings or his wit, wishing to banter a testy old gentleman, who had lately garnished his mouth with a complete set of false teeth, flippantly inquired, "Well, my good sir! I have often heard you complain of your masticators—pray, when do you expect to be again troubled with the tooth-ache!" "When you have affection of the heart, or a brain fever," was the reply. Not less ready and biting was the retort of the long-eared Irishman, who being banteringly asked,—"Paddy, my jewel! why don't you get your ears cropped? they are too large for a man!" he replied, "And yours are too small for an ass." * * *

"An empty headed youth once boasted that he had been to two of the most celebrated schools in England. "Sir," said a by-stander, "you remind me of the calf that suckled two cows." "And what was the consequence?" "Why, sir, he was a very great calf."

"*Shooting the Long Bow.*—Stretching a fact till you have made it as long as you want it. Lord Herbert of Cherbury's tastes have descended to some of our modern nobility, for he tells us, in his autobiography. "The exercises I chiefly used, and most recommended to my posterity, were riding the great horse and fencing. I do much approve likewise of *shooting the long bow*." So does our ingenious contemporary, Lord G——, who never suffers himself to be outstripped in the marvellous. The Marquis of H —— had engaged the attention of a dinner party, by stating that he had caught a pike, the day before, which weighed nineteen pounds. "Pooh!" cried Lord G——, "that is nothing to the salmon I hooked last week, which weighed fifty-six pounds." "Hang it," whispered the marquis to his neighbor, "I wish I could catch my pike again; I would add ten pounds to him directly."

Our next are rather more serious specimens:—

"*Posthumous Glory.*—A revenue payable to our ghosts; an *ignus fatuus;* an exhalation arising from the ashes and corruption of the body; the glowworm of the grave; a Jack-o'-lantern, of which a skeleton is the Jack, and the lantern a dark one; protracted oblivion, the short twilight that survives the setting of the vital sun, and is presently quenched in the darknight. "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," may be said of our fame, as well as of our frame; one is buried very soon after the other. When the rattling earth is cast upon our coffin, it sends up a hollow sound, which, after a few faint echoes, dies, and is buried in oblivious silence. That fleeting noise is our posthumous renown. Living glory is the advantage of being known to those whom you don't know; posthumous glory is enjoying a celebrity from which you can derive no enjoyment, and enabling every puppy in existence to feel his superiority over you by repeating the old dictum, that a living dog is better than a dead lion, or by quoting from Shakspeare—"I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter hath!" * *

"*Scandal*—What one half the world takes a pleasure in inventing, and the other half in believing. * * *

"*Snuff.*—Dirt thrust up the nostrils with a pig-like snort, as a sternutatory, which is not to be sneezed at. The moment he has thus defeated his own object the snuffling snuff-taker becomes the slave of a habit, which literally brings his nose to the grindstone. * *

"*Tomb.*—A house built for a skeleton; a dwelling of sculptered marble, provided for dust and corruption; a monument set up to perpetuate the memory of—the forgotten. (3.) * *

"*Tongue.*—The mysterious membrane that turns thought into sound. (4.) Drink is its oil—eating its drag-chain.

"*World—the*—A great inn, kept in a perpetual bustle by arrivals and departures; by the going away of those who have just paid their bills (the debt of nature,) and the coming of those who will soon have a similar account to settle:—*Decessio pereuntium, et successio periturorum.*"

THE BEAU COLONEL.

This story, at all events, was current in Italy in the year 1524. There was a very pretty sister of the present Mr. D——, the rich Scythian at Paris, who was living at Rome with her father, of eccentric memory, and doing the honors of his house. A "Colonel" was introduced into the house by a French actress, with whom he had formerly been enchanted, and who was one of a comic troop kept by the "sweet senior" of the mansion. The Colonel was engaged as a handsome fellow to act "les jeunes premiers," but before the day on which he was to make his *debut*, it was discovered that there were *two* places vacant at dinner,—one at the table of the actors, and another at that of the ancient Russian merchant. In short, the "jeune amoureux" had ran off with the "jeune amoureuse." Madlle. —— was nowhere to be found, and "La fille mal gardee" was the only play that could be acted that night, on account of the chasm in the *dramatis personæ* of the company. Messengers were sent off in all directions, and after some months' search the fugitives were discovered. The fair lady was put into a convent at Milan, whence she was taken out some time afterwards to marry some kind gentleman who was in search of a novice.

Another rumour is of more recent date:—

We are to suppose that a Colonel has been for some years the lover of a Baroness, and that he left Paris a few months ago. Then we are to suppose that a Duke of high degree proves his particular friendship for the absentee, by paying his addresses in the temporarily vacated quarter. Report, which is so frequently wrong upon such points, says that he did not plead unsuccessfully. However, it is undoubtedly true that there is a Colonel who has just arrived in Paris, and that there is a Duke who, the day after such arrival, went off to Brussels. Thus there was a meeting between two friends, who had sworn "eternal friendship" at the seige of Antwerp—a tie which (supposing there were but one Duke and one Colonel in the world) had been, as we have seen, so recently strengthened by one party, in extending his friendship to the fair favorite of the other. But one friend may think it pleasant to follow in another's footsteps. There was an instance of this last year; the parties, by the way, holding *exactly* the same rank as the heroes of our this year's rumour. That is odd. London Court Journal.

A Stoney Reply.—Sir George Sinclair asked most solemnly on Monday, "What the Ministers meant to do about blowing up the King's statue." A mnisterial wag obsered, "why, as it is a state question, it may as well be left in *statu quo*."

EPPING HUNT.

"Time and tide (they say) wait for no man;" and it would have been just as difficult to stem the current of either the one or the other, on Monday last, as to have persuaded the Cockney sportsmen of this great metropolis from turning their heads or the heads of their "unters" in the direction of Fairmead Bottom, where, according to the annual custom, a hind was turned out for the gratification of a numerous field of Nimrods, whose pride was increased, and whose vanity was flattered, by the presence of a splendid assemblage of the "Nymphs Diana," who seated in all sorts of "vehicles," from a country waggon to a dashing four-in-hand, seemed disposed to give encouragement by their smiles to the numerous votaries of the sylvan games.

As we have, in our "Poet's Corner," celebrated in verse the soul-inspiring appearance of the road to the scene of action, we must confine ourselves here to the simple statement of the fact, that we never witnessed a more splendid assemblage of "terrible, terrible high-bred cattle!" although it must be admitted that the breeding of some was evinced more by the height of their bones than their flesh; and that, in many groups, the intermixture of spavined, glandered, and broken kneed hacks, was far from reflecting credit on their more aristocratic companions. The good old saying of "hail fellow well met!" was, however, of necessity, kept in view, and like the sweep and the highwayman at Tyburn, Sooty Dick, on his "Jerusalem prad," looked, if he did not utter his thoughts, as he ogled some dashing shopman, cantering on his thirty-shilling daisy-cutter, "I've as much right here as you!" Nobody could doubt that high and low were equally entitled to participate in the diversions, and we must say that the attendance of both classes was "prodigous!" although it might be seen that the former assumed a sort of knowing leer, as if they merely came to laugh at others, when, in truth, they were as much the subject of laughter themselves. There were, of course, a few "spills," and not a few collissions among the "whips," who could not comprehend the paradox of "the rule of the road;" but, as these were matters of course, and as only some dozen gigs were cracked, some score horses' knees broken, some few gentlemen's "sneezers" demolished, and not a few ladies' dresses deranged, everything passed of with the same cool "nonchalance" as if it were a mere squeeze at my Lady Noodle's "conversazione," although the occassional display of a broken legged tailor on a shutter, on his way to the doctor, produced a sympathising exclamation of "there he goes, poor devil; his fun's up for the day!"

Passing by these little casualties, the company arrived at Tom Rounding's, at Woodfard, in countless numbers, and all peing "peckish,,' as they figuratively called being "d—d hungry," each upon a moderate calculation devoured about a peck of the good things of which Tom had made ample provision. We have so repeatedly described these exhibitions, and our space being as limited as the time which is to elapse before "the hounds and the horn' summon us to the field, we shall proceed, without further delay, to the point of attraction, "Fairmead Bottom," where, it is due to say, the assemblage was at least as respectable as any former Easter Monday within our recollection; indeed we should say, that the "real downright earnest" sportsman were much more numerous, and much better mounted, than heretofore, and we only wish we could have to record that the sport was better worth their patronage. The carriages were filled with gaily dressed damsels, and the fineness of the day gave an exhilarating charm to the "coup d'œl," which to be appreciated, must have been witnessed. The pedestrians were quite as numerous as the equestrians, and quite as merry—and, indeed, that they had more occassion for the exercise of their philosophy was to be lamented, especially those who had shoes or boots, who, from their being obliged to stand in a sort of rural hasty pudding, composed of well trodden grass and equally well kneaded mud, often found it diffiuult to "change their step," without leaving the usual covering of their "pettitoes" sticking in the adhesive consistency in which chance, or even great caution, had originally induced them to place them.

A very provoking delay took place before these little inconveniences were relieved by the arrival of the deer cart, from which a very meagre sort of "hanimal" was turned out, and bounded off with as much rapiity as its natural strength and the depth of the soil would permit. A simultaneous shout gave wings to its flight, and as simultaneously some hundreds of the pressing throng, either fatigued with standing, or uncourteously shoved by their neighbours, flapped down in the mud, showing at once the "deep impression" which the spectacle was calculated to make on their sensitive minds—we will not say of all, for some of them did not seem to mind it at all, and scrambled off, either to "scrape" acquaintance with the pursuing hunters, or to get themselves "scraped" by the knife of some considerate friend. We must not forget to state, however, that the "unters" came in for their share of the "good things of this life," more particularly those who were not accustomed to curb the wayward spirit of the noble or ignoble animals which they bestrode. In truth, the moment the hounds were in full cry, a great majority of the "London particulars," finding their riders at a nonplus, took the liberty of showing them the way home, and, with a vigor unexpected, bounded off, not in the direction taken by the "unters," but in the more familiar direction towards the localities of "Vitechapel." This resolution, as sudden as it was unexpected, led to some awkward changes of position, and several wights exchanged their hard seats on the saddle for softer seats on the turf, although one, more unlucky than the rest, came stern foremost on a flint stone with such force, that his unhappy mother, who witnessed the accident from the window of a "pochay," thought his "funny bone" was pulverized to the consistency of "Irish blackguard," and her screams for help threw all that had time to listen into the utmost dismay. "A doctor! a doctor!" burst from the croaking gizzard of the post-boy but, unhappily, no friendly ear caught the sound, till, luckily, a "Wray" of comfort approached, in the form of a celebrated son of Esculapius, well known in the City, who, "stealing a march," not on, but from his patients, had taken a Yorkshire friend to see the sport. He had been following the hounds till he found his gig wheels an inconvenient incumbrance in taking flying leaps, and was now flying back to London, to enjoy the pleasures of "social" intercourse, when humanity prompted him to lend his aid. He descended from his "high estate," and instantly examined the fallen sportsman. He looked in vain, however, for a broken bone, and with a low, but courtly bow, assured the distressed mamma that there was no fracture but such as she could conveniently cure herself, with the assistance of a needle and thread. Having thus played the part of the Good Samaritan, he pursued his route, with the consolation of good intentions, and in the enjoyment of a ravenous appetite, which, no doubt, he contrived to appease by the customary dose of "dinner pills," and appropriate "draughts."

But we must return to the deer, and in doing so we have only to add that, having "returned" to the place from whence it started, not wishing to face the mobocracy by which the forest was filled, it was there run into by the dogs, and with difficulty escaped the fate of Actæon. Some friendly hand, however, whipped the hounds off, and the poor creature went back on horseback to Tommy Rounding's stable, there to ruminate on the diversions of a chace which lasted but 30 minutes, and did not cover more than four miles, but all, as Tommy said, "in a ring fence, and within sight of the ladies." And here we must close our sketch, leaving the imagination of our readers to picture to their "mind's eye" the vicissitudes of the evening.

Bell's Life in London, April 10th.

Letter from the King to Lord Melbourne.

The following document is authentic, and we pledge our veracity on the subject. We got possession of it by treating the general postman, and making him so drunk that he thought he saw double. He consequently fancied he had got two letters in his hand instead of one, and we took that opportunity to clutch out of his hand the one he *really did see*, and we left him in undisturbed possession of the one he only thought he saw. We will, however, give the letter.

Dear Melbourne, Windsor, April 13.

I find, from the papers which are read to me every morning, that they have been blowing up a statue of me at Dublin. Now, my dear Melbourne, I think I get *blowing up* enough in person without having my statue blown up also. All I can say is, there must have been a devil of a *breeze*, and I hope you will find out the *traitors*, that is to say the *perpe-traitors* of this horrid outrage, and punish them accordingly. Yours, Billy Wrecks.

P. S. By the by, I wonder why I'm called *Wrecks*, but I suppose it is because I'm a sailor, and it's short for *Ship Wrecks*. Since writing the above, I have discerned that it is not me they have been blowing up in Dublin, but William the Third, Prince of Orange, poor fellow. I should like to have seen the fun though. But I wonder, as he was a Prince of *Orange*, he could get no *quarter;* but I suppose they thought as they were blowing up an *Orange*, it was as good as blowing up *Peel* and all. Not bad that—Eh, Melbourne?

Figaro in London, April 16.

RUM QUERIES.

Some of our correspondents ask us very rum questions, that we shall answer them in an article for every body to see them, so that the same RUM QUERIES may not be put to us again.

A lover of light literature asks, whether the battle of Waterloo was originally done at Waterloo or at Astley's? It was originally done at Waterloo, but those who saw both, preferred *seeing it at Astley's* to witnessing the *original.*

An inquirer wants to know if it is a fact, that according to the adage, "*King Charles walked and talked two years after his head was cut off.*" Our answer is, that we really can't tell, but think it very likely, inasmuch as there are a great many kings in our days, who *walk and talk* without ever having had a *head* to cut off.

A monied man writes to ask our advice on the subject of the loan to *Don Carlos*, and wants to know whether we think it good security. We should say, that the money would be *as safe as the bank*, that is to say, *as safe* as the celebrated *bank* at Bayswater, which upsets all the omnibuses that are unfortunate enough to go upon it. If the *monied man* likes to let his money go upon this security, all we can say is, *go it.*

Mrs. Sharpe, the principal tragic actress from the New York Theatre, makes her debut at Drury Lane on Thursday next; previous to which, viz. to-morrow night, the accomplished and beautiful daughter of Mr. Vandenhoff appears, for the first time before a London audience, in the character of *Juliet.* The critics tell us that she will leave "my child Helen" in the distance; and though she may easily do that, yet time alone will shew *how* easily.

London Age.

Summary.

SEPARATION AND REPARATION.—It is with great regret that we read the following paragraph in the *London Morning Herald* of a recent date.

"The fashionable talkers of St. James's-street are muck occupied applauding the determination adopted by the Hon. Mr. ———, who has at length considered it necessary to separate from his admired literary wife. Report says that it was on Thursday night last, on the lady's return home at her usual late hour, that his resolution was imparted, and on the following day she left his roof. The four children will of course remain under the guardianship of the Hon. Mr. ———. The parties have been married nearly ten years."

Miss Kelly, the papers tell us, has a license for her Theatre in Dean-street, which confers on her establishment the general advantages, with the exception of restriction as to the numbers on the stage at the same time, and *trivial matters.* We should like to know what these "trivial matters" are? It seems odd that anything "trivial" should be made the subject of exclusion. Can it be true—that the license under the head "trivial matters" forbids the drinking by any one lady or gentleman of the corps *dram*-atique of more than ten glasses of brandy warm in the course of the evening?

ANTICIPATORY EPITAPH ON HIMSELF, BY RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

Here I lie in repose, and my spirit at ase is,
With the tip of my nose
And the tops of my toes
Turn'd up 'gainst the roots of the daisies.

This is beautiful, and truly pathetic. It is worthy of the author of "Evadne."

You have ere this seen the Prince of Capua and his fair companion, Miss Penelope Smythe. "Where is he at present?" asked the Commercial indolently of Sir George Prescott on Tuesday—"in Calais or Havre by this time?" "The latter most likely, for I know he has taken the road to *Rouen*."

We understand that a new tragedy of peculiar interest has been rehearsed, under the direction of Mr. Hemp, at the Sheriff's Theatre, Red Lion-square. The title of this serious drama was *The Outlaws*. Principal characters were sustained by Mr. Charles Gore, Lord Edward Thynne, Hon. E. Petre, and Jack Spalding. The part of an excommunicated Priest was enacted by the Rev. Mr. Maxwell; and two gravediggers, on the watch against *body-snatchers*, were performed to the *life* by Messrs. Church and Burke-it. The rest of the characters by a host of gentlemen, whose *names*, with many others, may be found in the *bills* in circulation.

"What grateful benediction ought a successful manager bestow on his company?" asked a member of the Thespian corps of a brother of the sock and buskin. The other candidly confessed his inability to guess, never having in his life heard a manager give a grateful benediction of any kind. "Why, (replied the querist) he ought to "bless his '*stars*' for his luck to be sure."

"Where can I find the best life of CONDORCET?" (Count D'Orsay,) enquired CROKER of HOOK. "Apply to Lady BLESSINGTON," was the jester's reply.

The estate of Felixston, belonging to S. S. Quilter, Esq. has been purchased by James Morrison, Esq Member for Ipswich. Dimity Dillon, on being asked by Lucky Jemmy touching the purchase of the property, gave his opinion dead against it, declaring that the outlay for *Quilters* would only add to his *counterpain*.

John Reeve has returned to New York; and, strange to say, the tables are turned in his favour—he is now everything the Yankees desire, and attracts crowded houses.

Mr. John Jones, who has acquired a reputation of the first order as a vocalist in America, has just returned to this conntry. He is said to *be* what Braham *was* thirty years since.

SATISFACTION.—On Thusday morning, at six o'clock, Captain B. and E. G. Esq. met, with their seconds, surgeon, &c. to settle a Stock Exchange dispute; when Mr. E. G. received the contents of the Captain's pistol in his right arm; upon which the Captain shook him by the *left*, and they parted good friends. A *very* satisfactory way truly of settling a gambling rencontre!

It is useless to find fault with a dead man's deeds:—

"Much surprise has been caused by the report of the will of a Baronet recently deceased, a partner in a well-known house. It is said that to his son he has bequeathed £360,000; while to his accomplished and handsome daughters the sum amounts to but £2000 each. We however can scarcely give credit to what would be an act of absolute injustice, considering the style in which these ladies have hitherto lived; and we therefore suppose there is some additional family arrangement, not generally understood, relative to the ultimate division of the property."—*Morning Herald.*

The late Sir THOMAS FARQUHAR is we presume the Baronet here alluded to.

The recent Stock Exchange duel was caused by the gallant Captain wishing to *Bull*-y the Broker, which the latter was not inclined to *Bear*; he, therefore, so *put* it to him that a *call* out was the result, and a *check* given for the *difference*; they left off at *par*.

Our dear Duchess has been in a state of the greatest excitement ever since Dukey was subjected to the very small pox, lest the rude destroyer should inflict his pestilence upon her beauteous countenance, and chase the damask blush from her untainted cheek. The fee-fa-fum-igation of the St. Albans' Chateau, consequent upon the recovery of his Grace from the disease, has occasioned a tremendous rise in chloride of lime. Her Grace, on paying a visit to the house during the process of purification, ejaculated, "Oh! *limæ* labor est!" We had no idea she was so good a classic.

ILLUSTRIOUS PLAYERS IN PARIS.—Although we have, among our English aristocracy, several theatrical amateurs, who are quite entitled to rank with those who (what convenient phrases!) "possess talents of a superior order," or "afford a high promise of distinction;" yet the French are more fitted by nature, as well as by habit, to excel in the dramatic art, up to a certain point—and, no doubt, their nobility are better actors and actresses than ours. During Lent, it appears, their talents have been abundantly exercised in the French capital—the religious dulness of the season has been quite dissipated by the profane pleasure of the private theatre. In these performances the highest branches of the nobility as well as of the most distinguished persons in literature and art, have participated. Among the most *recherches*, are to be classed the exhibitions at the Hotel Castellane, in the Faubourg St. Honore. On one occasion here, besides a brilliant assembly of the nobles, male and female, were gathered together, M. d' Arlincourt, Victor Hugo, de Balzac, Auber, Meyerbeer, Berreyer, de Lamartine, Mery, and others—an audience indeed worth acting to.

The late Sir John Stepney, many years our minister at Berlin, left at his death five hundred pounds to his valet, to be paid when he delivered a favourite spaniel safely into the charge of an intimate friend. Care killed a cat, in this instance it killed a dog. However, necessity is the mother of invention, and the man had it stuffed, and then conveyed it to the place of its destination. He delivered it with some compunctious visitings, from which he was speedily delivered by the lady's exclaiming, "What an agreeable surprise—I thought the nasty creature was alive! Oh, I will have a glass case at once; and here is the acknowledgement needful I believe for your legacy."

The *prima donna* of the theatre Pergola having recently fallen suddenly ill, a lady of rank and fortune, a Madame Forconia, consented to appear in public in *La Cenerentola*, in which she displayed great talent, and was warmly applauded.

Colonel Hay made, as might have been expected of *Hay*, a very *dry* speech about the Ordnance Estimates. Another thing very much in character with *Hay*, was, that there was an immense quantity of *chaff* mixed up with what he uttered.

The Convent Garden people are very fond of giving out in their bills, that such and such pieces have been received *with the highest* applause. This is, in many instances, literally *true*, if not flattering, for that must be the *highest* applause which proceeds from the *galleries*.

A MUDDY MEETING.—Savage and Wade tried to get up a meeting on Easter Monday, on the top of Primrose Hill. *Savage* was made to *Wade* through the mud, and *Wade* was *Savage* at having to do the same. Wade was to have been in the chair, but he *weighed* it completely down, till it sunk three feet at least into the soft mud, and *Savage* got more *Savage* than ever at the failure. At length they got a *lad* to bring a *ladder*, and with this Savage kept after Wade, vainly searching for a dry spot upon which to *pitch*. Failure, however, was never carried to a greater *pitch*, for they could find no piece of ground *dry* enough for them to stand upon during their intended very *dry* description. At length a man appeared with cakes, three little squares of Parliament for a penny, which, as they were very *short*, caused Savage to propose three cheers for the boy, as he had got *Short Parliaments*. Parson Wade eloquently remarked, that he was no *White Parliament* amongst it, as he was an advocate for seeing Parliament always *done brown*. A boy with *nuts* then made himself noisily conspicuous; and, in fact, the whole was *an-utter* failure. Then Savage walked about after Wade for more than an hour with a pair of *steps*, but, as nothing resulted from the meeting, we presume the *proper steps* had not been taken. With this able, that is to say, by a contradiction, *not-able* pun, we dismiss the subject. Ib.

PENELOPE AND THE PRINCE AGAIN.—Had the resolute and romantic Miss Smyth flung herself into the crater of Vesuvius, instead of the arms of Naples' Prince, she would not have excited a tithe of the talk in which the most illustrious and industrious tongues of Europe are now engaged about her "whereabout." In that case it would have acknowledged that it was unusual to see even an Irish lady take to the "crater" in that sense of the term; but there the curiosity would have ended, and thousands of Smyths would have been ready to supply her place in society on the outside of Vesuvius. But now, her fame is not only European, but American—not momentary, but absolutely eternal; that is to say, not a wonder of nine days, but of nine months. Leamington, little Leamington, has been very near acquiring the distinction which every great town in the kingdom is panting for—it has already been honoured with a *hoaxed* visit from the wandering lovers—and will henceforth be celebrated as the place at which the Prince and his Penelope were *reported* to have arrived incog. Madrid, it seems, still boasts the still higher glory of the reality. Mr. Villiers, the English Ambassador, has paid a formal visit to the Prince, who seemed to have desired the interview. It ended, however, after a little common-place conversation. All that the most indefatigable impertinence on the part of the inquirers of Madrid has hitherto elicited is, that the lady seems to have, what is insultingly called, the "advantage" of the Prince in point of age, in the proportion of "three to two;" but it has also been ascertained, by a laudable impudence of observation, that the Prince has the advantage of the lady in the possession of a very curious and original kind of nose, which we are told is henceforth to be celebrated as a "Roman nose reversed!"

BLOWING UP AT DUBLIN.—The Tory journalists, and some few of the Tories in the House of Commons, have been eagerly enquiring for the *official details of the blow up in Dublin*. None it appears have arrived, and the reason is simply this, that *we* bribed the postman who ought to have carried the letter to Lord Melbourne, and we having most unceremoniously broke it open, with a similar heedlessness of ceremony, proceed to lay the contents of it before our readers:—

DUBLIN.

"By Jasus we've had a mighty fine blow up in the city of Dublin. You know the ould statue of Billy with his two legs across the back of an ould stone donkey, looking like a pair of sugar-tongs but straddleways upways upon a cup coffee. Well, by my soul, they've blewed the ould boy up, sky high, and theres no more of him to be seen, than there is of a pound of praties, when I and my fourteen children, (bless the little darlins,) have been making a dinner of them, which serves for tea, and breakfast and all. Somebody did it with powder, and some say it was the wind blowed the ould chap up, but my belief is, there was an old *orange* woman by, who did all the mischief. But, however, he's *clean* gone, which is more than he was when he stood there, for instead of his being *clean* he was mighty dirty. PADDY O'PIPKINS.

Such is the *official detail* that the Tories have been so anxiously looking for, and now they have got it, we recommend them to make what use they can of it.

Figaro in London.

No "COMMON" SOLDIER.—Mirabeau relates the following anecdote in the life of his grandfather, who was Colonel of infantry in the reign of Louis XIV: One morning on parade, when my grandfather was minutely inspecting his new regiment, he observed a soldier who held his musquet in a very awkward manner, and was about to reprove the man when the Major related that when the regiment was quartered at Sarrelouis, this soldier, then a Corporal, saw two of his comrades fighting in the street with drawn swords. Now by a general order, it was forbidden to soldiers to draw their swords in the streets under pain of losing the right hand—the Corporal, therefore, seeing the consequences likely to accrue to his comrades, rushed to prevent it, and according to the military usage which forbids any one from separating crossed swords but with a sword drawn, drew his sword and placed himseelf between between them. At this moment the guard appeared, and the two culprits saved themselves by flight; but the Corporal, knowing the correctness of his intentions and forgetting that, in the execution of a good deed, he had himself offended against the law, quietly surrendered himself with his sword in his hand, and was conducted to the guard-house. A court-martial was speedily called and the Corporal told the truth. They demanded the names of the guilty persons, and menaced him with the punishment if he did not reply.—"Gentlemen," replied the gallant fellow, "it is true I know them; but I cannot name them; which of you would betray a comrade? No, if I must suffer the punishment, I shall at least know that I have been the means of saving two men for the King's service, and the only favour I ask is that my left hand may be cut off instead of my right, in order that I may yet be able to draw a sword for my country." This worthy fellow was condemned and his request was complied with, but when he arrived at the block, he said to the executioner "I suffer this humiliation from a sense of discipline and honor, but as it is the order of the King, it ought to be executed by the hand of a soldier; stand back therefore, and give me the axe!" Seizing the instrument, he placed his hand upon the block and severed it from his body at a blow! This was the same soldier that held his musquet so indifferently on the parade.

Lord A—— was returning home from Crockford's rather later than usual, and having lost more than was exactly agreeable, his temper was not in the most gentle frame imaginable. It happened that an unfortunate hackney-coachman was waiting at one the hotels in St. James's street, and, at the moment when his Lordship passed, was busily engaged in arranging the leather thongh of his "high lows" beneath the bright light of a gas-lamb. This tempting opportunity for venting some portion of superfluous spleen was not to be resisted. With one cast of his foot he sent the poor driver flat on his face in the middle of the street; but, feeling perhaps that a reason ought to be given for taking so strange a liberty with a free-born Briton, he cried to him in a voice loud enough to be heard at the palace:—"You scoundrel! you are *always* tying that shoe!"

A manufacturer of piano fortes at Utrecht has invented a music-stand which enables a player to turn over the leaves of the book without taking the hands off the instrument.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF HANNINGTON'S MOVING DIORAAS will continue every evening, commencing at half past 7 o'clock—in the following order:—

Grand Dioramic Scene 1—Being an Allegorical Representation of the Treaty of Ghent, 1815 and Triumph of America!

The exhibition opens with a view of a highly scenic country, picturesque in the extreme. Immediately in front of the audience, in the foreground, is an Obelisk, erected to the glory of American heroes of the last war. The most elevated figure on this column is fame, represented with a trumpet, proclaiming the memorable deeds, where, and by whom achieved, which History is in the act, at the same time, of recording.

The moving figures of the Diorama commence in front, by the passing of a number of boats, in which much skill and time is observed by the oarsmen, after which, is to be seen America, drawn in a splendid car, by four white horses, bearing the flag of the United States, followed by Victory, ready to crown her with laurels, proceeding to the Temple of Peace, through a triumphal arch, with a numerous retinue. A young female precedes the car of America, strewing the path with flowers, while another, with a child in her arms, has kindled the incense, and a third is singing triumphant hymns.

In the train, following America, in a grand procession, are seen bands of Musicians, Victors, Prisoners of War, and numerous troops of Cavalry and Infantry, many of them carrying trophies. The whole spectacle is represented in the style and costume of the ancient Romans, and the admiring spectator will observe with delight the motion of men and horses, as natural as life, keeping time with the powerful martial music.

Grand Dioramic Scene 2.—Moonlight—Sea View—Storm and Shipwreck.

Grand Dioramic Scene 3.—Conflagration of Moscow.—This Diorama is divided into a Day and Night Scene.

Also, still exhibiting the celebrated Statuary of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, and the Landlord and Landlady.

The Grand Cosmorama is the most splendid exhibition of the kind known.

Professor at the Piano, Mr. S. Bassford.

☞ Admittance to the whole, 25 cents—Children under 12 years, when accompanied their parents or guardians, 12 1-2 cents. feb. 27

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son, who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and a strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher, Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL's Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 29

CUSTOM-HOUSE HOTEL,

CORNER OF PINE AND NASSAU-STREETS, New-York.—The subscriber having opened the above house on the European plan, is now ready to accommodate his friends and the public in superior style. The house is built on a modern and improved plan, and furnished with every convenience and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging rooms are airy and well furnished, and in perfect order. The ordinary is neat, convenient, and well furnished, and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords—served up by experienced cooks.

∴ Gentlemen on business will find this a most desirable and central situation, being near Wall and all the business streets; and the proprietor pledges himself that no pains shall be spared on his part to make visitors comfortable and perfectly at home.

mar 5 JAMES HORN, JUN.

THOROUGH BRED COLT.

FOR SALE—a sorrel colt, three years old, on the tenth day of the present month—got by Talma out of Dove. *Talma* is full brother to Alice Grey, and was got by Henry out of Sportsmistress—she, by Hickory out of Miller's Damsel, the dam of Eclipse. *Dove* is by Duroc, out of Romp, (full sister to Miller's Damsel) who was by imported Messenger, out of the imported Pot8o's mare, bred by Lord Grosvenor. On the surpassing excellence of the pedigree, nothing need be said to persons who are conversant with turf history. The colt has been carefully reared, and is clear of every imperfection. Persons disposed to purchase, willl judge for themselves, how far his form and action, are in harmony with his descent. It may be added that he is from the stud which has produced Robin Hood, Post Boy, Tarquin, Ecarte, and Nelson, all winners, of whom one has made the best time in a two mile run, which our annals furnish, viz. 3m. 44s. and another is now fairly at the head of the American Turf. Three of these five, trace back through Miller's Damsel, to the Pot8o's mare, and the other two, are from a Hickory mare; one by Eclipse, and the other by Henry. Apply after Saturday immediately preceding the first spring Meeting Union Course, at the stables of Mr. J. R. Snediker, where the colt many then be examined. April 23 1836.

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but; owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them—it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

ECLIPSE MARE FOR SALE.

A Gentleman has for sale a very fine sorrel mare, 5 yrs. old, by Eclipse, dam by imported Expedition. She has been a frequent winner, though not in training the present season. She may be seen in the vicinity of the Union Course, during the 2d Spring Meeting. For further particulars enquire at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. may 14

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to any gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

TO RIFLE DEALERS AND SPORTSMEN.

A. A. HARRINGTON, No. 95 Barclay-street, New-York, Manufacturer of Rifles of a superior quality, all of which he warrants good.

A. A. H. has for the last ten years devoted his whole attention to Rifle Making. The Experiments he has made, and the manner in which he now grooves his Guns, enables him to compete with, if not surpass, any other establishment of the kind. Southern and Western Dealers supplied at short notice, with an article they can warrant with confidence.

A. A. H. has at times a good assortment of Fowling Guns, and apparatus suitable for Sporting. Particular attention paid to Repairing and Cleaning old guns, &c. &c. mar 12

NEW-YORK AND PROVIDENCE STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, the splendid Steamboat, PRESIDENT, Captain E. S. Bunker, or the BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Captain Robert B. Coleman, will leave New-York at 5 o'clock, and Providence at 12 o'clock.

For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad-street, or to the Captain, on board, at the foot of Courtland-street. feb 20

BAREFOOT,

ONE OF THE FEW HORSES IN AMERICA that has ever won the Great St. Leger. The imported horse BAREFOOT will stand for mares the ensuing season, at the stable of the subscriber, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, at the following terms:—

Full-blooded Mares .	$50 the season; and $1 for the groom
eAll other Mares	$25 the season

The Money to be paid when the mares are taken away, with the expense of keeping; or on or before the 15th July next. The season to commence on the 1st of March next, and terminate on the 15th July, 1836.

This fine horse was foaled the property of Mr. Watt, in England, in the year 1820, and afterwards was sold to Lord Darlington, who disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.; who sent him out for the benefit of his native country at large. On the English Turf, BAREFOOT proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to '26 inclusive.

Doncaster Meeting, September, 1823.—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three-year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114 lb.) Fillies, 8st. (112 lb.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr. Riddell's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed.—Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine by Rubens, Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Furguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, the Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante, Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte D'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3 minutes, and 22 seconds. *The Start*,—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came along side of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3 minutes 23 1-4 seconds. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3 min. 23 secs., yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of 1-4 of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start; Barefoot although shut out, that is hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance! he proved himself by repetition, decidedly the best Horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles,) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3min. 23 secs, and repeating in 3m, 23 1-4 secs.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and *Barefoot*, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

HIS PEDIGREE is as follows, and equal to that of any other horse:—he was got by *Tramp* out of *Rosamond*, by *Buzzard*; her dam, *Rosebury*, sister to *Huby*, by *Phenomenon*; her dam, *Miss West*; by *Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto*. *Tramp* was got by *Dick Andrews*, out of a *Gohanna Mare*; her dam, *Flaxinella*, by *Trentham—Woodpecker*; *Everlasting*, by *Eclipse*. *Dick Andrews* was got by *Joe Andrews*, out of a *Highflyer Mare*; her dam, by *Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian*. *Joe Andrews* was got by *Eclipse*, out of *Amaranda*, by *Omnium*; her dam, *Cloudy*, by *Blank—Crab—Partner*, &c.

PERFORMANCES.—At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September 1822, (then only two years old,) he won a sweepstake of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Bourdeaux and 4 others very easy. BAREFOOT, at the Spring Meeting at York, May 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3min. 15sec. or 1min. 51sec. per mile.

1823--At the August Meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (11lb7. 1 mile and a quarter. Time 2 min. 22 sec. or 1min. 52sec. per mile, beating Richardson's B. C. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen--Isabella, and one other. At Ponterfact, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subscribers, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Palatine. Won very easy. At Doncaster, September Meeting, he won the great St. Leger Stakes, for three year old colts, 83 subscribers, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) distance. Time 3min. 23 1-4sec. beating Sherwood --Comte D'Artois--Comus--Etiquette—Claude Lorraine—Tancred—Ringlet—North Star —Mercandotti—Ganymede—Caledodian—and 11 others. Compte D'Artois took the lead at starting, and made severe running, till near the distance post, when Barefoot came up, passed him, and won by two lengths. After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland,) for 3000gs. was carried by him to New-Market, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated Horse Emelius, (the recent winner of all the great stakes and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others,) for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, 50*l*., distance 1 mile 1 quarter and 24 yards, 8st. 10lb (122lb.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partizan Colt. Won easy,—Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the Turf

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100sovs. against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well-contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lb. (147lb.)—Time, 8min. 18sec., and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third, and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subscribers, St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lb. (119lb.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) The time of running 3m. 30sec. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lb., (120lb.) time not given; beating Lottery, [above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight,] Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lb. (109lb.): an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lb.: an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lb. (124 lb.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 4 years old, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northalerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with a sweepstake added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lb. (121 lb.) against The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lb. (94lb.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th, Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lb.) beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lb. (116lb.) and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lb. (110lb.): a good race, 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 112lb. and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs, 109lb. The above comprise all the races of Barefoo

BAREFOOT is a remarkably beautiful horse, a bright chesnut, 15 1 2 hnds high, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well-proportioned in all respects, very acae, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper. The breeders of horses are retivctfully invited to call and examine this horse.

JOHN R. SNEDEKER,
feb 20 Union Hotel, Lon[illegible]

AMERICAN RACES TO COME—1836.

Greensburg, Ky.	Match, $5000 a side, 4 m. heats, Angora *vs.* Rodolph, W'y. 21st Sept.
New-York City,	Jockey Club, Union Course, Second S. M. 4th Tuesday 31st May.
Natchez, Miss.	Match, mile h. $5000 a side. Red Maria *vs.* Chuckfahila, 6th Dec
Nashville, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Thursday, 31st May.
Norfolk, Va.	Jockey Club, Wednesday, 1st June.
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course, Second Meeting, 1st Tuesday, June 7th.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country, may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic, Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL COORESPONDENT.

Liverpool, April 16, 1836.

I subjoin the conclusion of Newmarket Craven Meeting, of which, in my last, you had a report to the close of Wednesday's running. The following items on that day's sport may be useful:

The Plate.—Luminary and Alumnus jumped off in front with so strong a lead, that the other three were not fairly up with them till they had gone nearly 200 yards; Valiant then took up the running, and carried it on until within a distance of ending, when he was headed by Alumnus, who continued ahead to the finish, and won cleverly by a length.

Column Stakes.—Saltator and Manilla cut out the work, at starting; but bad as the pace was, could not long maintain it; at the bushes the horses laid nearly abreast, Mr. Osbaldeston's colt on the outside, Zenana close to the ropes inside, and Babel in the centre; at the commencement of the cords, Babel and Zenana were at work; but the favorite waiting till within twenty or thirty yards of the chair, came out and won cleverly by a length. Manilla and Ermine were the only two beaten off; the closing odds against Mr. Osbaldeston's colt were only 5 to 4. The winner is named *Ebberston*, by Velocipede, dam by Partisan, out of Jerry (horse untried.)

Thursday, April 7.—Sweepstakes of 200 sovs each, h. ft.; for 3 yr. old colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; D. M. (3 subs.)

Mr. Greville's Jacket walked over.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs each, h. ft.; D. M. (3 subs.)

Duke of Grafton's Calmuck, 7st 5lb (Rogers)	1
Lord Egremont's f. Helga, 6st 12lb	2
Lord Chesterfield's Alfred, 7st 12lb	3

Calmuck made all the running, and won by a length. 7 to 4 on Calmuck, 3 1 to agst Alfred, and 4 to 1 agst Helga.

Match, 500 sovs each, h. ft.; D. M.

Lord Exeter's Sister to Green Mantle, 8st. 7lb, (Conolly)	1
Mr. Greville's Marmalade, 8st 7lb	2

5 to 2 on Marmalade. Won cleverly by a length.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs each, h. ft.; for 3 yr. old colts, 8st 4lb each; R. M. (8 sb.) Mr. Osbaldeston's Ebberston, by Velocipede, walked over.

The Forfeit Class of the Oatlands of 10 sovs each; D. I. (11 subs.)

Mr. J. H. Peel's Uncle Toby, 6 yrs. 8st 8lb. (Pavis)	1
Mr. Ridsdale's Coriolanus, 4 yrs. 8st	2
Mr. Munroe's Veronica, 4 yrs. 6st 7lb	3

2 to 1 on Coriolanus. Veronica made running to the turn of the land, where Uncle Toby took it up, and won easy by three lengths.

Friday, April 8.—The Bruton Street Stakes of 100 sov. each, h. ft. for foals of 1833; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st 3lb. R. M. (4 subscribers.)

Ld. Jersey's b. c. by Sultan, out of Cobweb, walked over.

D. of Portland's b. c. by Brutandorf, out of Souvenir (J. Day) beat Ld. Lichfield's b. c. Æthiopian, by Memnon, out of Aglaia, 8st 4lb each, D. M. 200, h. ft. 5 to 2 on the winner.

Renewal of the Grosvenor Square Stakes of 100 sov. each, h. ft. for foals of 1833; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb. D. M. (5 subscribers.)

D. of Richmond's ch. c. Haveldar, by Helenus, out of Arbis—Boyce	1
Col. Peel's b. c. The Professor, by Zinganee, out of Blue Stockings	2
Ld. Chesterfield's br. f. Wish	3

Subscription Plate of 50l. for three yrs. old, 6st 7lb four, 8st 5lb. five, 8st 13lb six and aged, 9st 4lb D. M. the winner to be sold for 300 sov. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Walker's b. c. Snowball, by Alington, 3 yrs. old—Twitchett	1
Col. Peel's ch. c. Partner, 3 yrs. old	2
D. of Portlend's b. c. by Brutandorf, out of Souvenir, 3 yrs. old	3

2 to 1 on Partner. The winner was claimed

The Port Stakes, a Sweepstakes of 100 sov. each, h. ft. for four yrs. old colts, 8st 7lb., fillies, 8st. 4lb. T. M. M. the owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake (8 subscribers.)

D. of Richmond's b. c. Elizondo, by Camel—Boyce	1
Col. Peel's ch. c. Sylvan, brother to Sensitive	2
Mr. Sowerby's b. f. Bodice	3
Ld. Chesterfield's br. f. Eva	4

11 to 8 agst Sylvan, 5 to 2 agst Elizondo, 4 to 1 agst Bodice.

Col. Peel's f. by Emilius, out of Garcia, agst Mr. Spalding's ch. c. Jacob Faithful, by Langar, out of Lady Easby, 8st. 4lb. each, R. M. 200, h. ft.—Off, both having become the property of the same person.

At Croxton Park, on April 2, Lord Macdonald's *The Nun*, rode by the Earl of Wilton, beat Mr. Cook's b. h. *Flacrow*, rode by Mr. White. The match was over one mile, for 300 guineas.

At Holderness Hunt races, on Tuesday, (April 8,) Mr. H. S. Thompson's bh. c. Confederate, rode by owner, won the Swelter cup. Weight 14st. Mr. W. Ward's b. c. Logic, rode by the Marquis of Waterford, won the Beverley Stakes. 7 started; a dead heat between Logic and Escape the Swindler. The Farmer's cup, won by Transport. All hunters in these races.

Abergavenny Races, on Wednesday, April 6: a plate of £50. Heats.

Mr. Powell's Brecon Lass	2	2	0	1
Capt. Scott's Buffer	0	1	2	5
Mr. Moggridge's Pleader	0	0	1	0
Capt. B. Davis's Mopus	1	0	0	0

The plate is claimed by Capt. Scott, on the ground that Brecon Lass had not won either of the first three heats, and was not entitled to start for the fourth; (the Jockey Club rule, No. 12, is decisive against Brecon Lass.

The Llandilo Stake was won by Mr. G. Pritchard's Euclid, whose qualification is disputed.

The Abergavenny Stakes were won by Mr. T. William Rosballa, beating seven others.

The Monmouthshire Hunt Races were won by Mr. F. William's Wild Rose beating four others.

Thursday.—The Steeple Chase.

Capt. Lamb's Lady Teazle (Mr. Salloway)	1
Capt. Scott's Buffer (Mr. Powell)	2

Mr. Marshall's Foreigner came in first, and Mr.————'s Maid of the Grove came in first and second, but were disqualified, having gone on the wrong side of the flags.

The Monmouthshire Hunt Steeple Chase was won by Wild Rose beating Mr. Pierce's Drover (came in first but ran on the wrong side of the flags) and three others.

Some poney and hack races were also run.

On Saturday, April 9, the Hoo Races, (in Lord Darce's park) came on.

The Lady's cup won by Mr. Delme Radcliffe's Lady Emily, rode by owner.

The Gorhambury stakes, won by Mr. Halsey's ch. g. Sebright. Four placed.

Farmer's plate won by Mr. T. Mark's b. g. Touchstone. 3 heats. Lewes Lass won the first. Touchstone the two others. Second heat won by a head.

Surry stakes won by March. 3 others ran.

The East Grinstead Steeple Chases took place on Wednesday, April 6; the first race for a Sweepstakes of ten sovs each, with 10 added, was won by Captain Fairly's Wing (Captain Beecher,) beating Mr. Curwen's Treble X. (owner) Mr. Weston's Souvenir (owner,) and Mr. J. Anderson's Albino (owner,) by two lengths. The second race was won in a canter by Mr. Wallace's Pine (Mr. Brooker,) beating Mr. Jenner's Doctor, and three others. At Cottisford Races, Wednesday, April 6, no horses of note ran.

At Catterick Bridge Races, April 7, The Duke of Leeds's br. c. Wrestler won the the Champaign stakes; his Grace's br. c. Rover won the Swepstakes Mr. Bowes's br. g. Zorab, by Lottery, won the gold cup.

I subjoin the latest betting (April 15) at Tattersalls:

TATTERSALL'S—Yesterday.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS, STAKES, p. p. (Tuesday next.)

11 to 10	on Lord Jersey's Bro. to Nell Gwynne (6 to 5 taken)
3 to 1	agst Lord Lichfield's Elis (offered)
6 to 1	— Lord Exeter's Muezzin (taken)
8 to 1	— Duke of Grafton's Calmuck (offered)
10 to 1	— Mr. Robinson's Whalley (offered)

Not much done on this stake; the odds taken to a small amount about Elis, but afterwards currently offered.

PORTLAND HANDICAP, p. p. (Wednesday next.)

4 to 1	agst Mr. Etwall's Revenge (taken)
9 to 2	— Mr. Cooke's Sheet Anchor (offered)
11 to 2	— Mr. Sowerby's Rioter (offered)
6 to 1	— Hon. Mr. Mostyn's Birdlime (taken)
6 to 1	— Lord Chesterfield's Hornsea (taken)
8 to 1	— Mr. S. Stanley's Tiber (taken)

DERBY.

4 ta 1	agst Lord Jersey's Bro. to Nell Gwynne (take 9 to 20
7 to 1	— Mr. Ridsdale's Lot (offered)
7 to 1	— Mr. Osbaldiston's Ebberston (taken)
9 to 1	— Mr E. Peel's The Mummy (offered)
16 to 1	— Duke of Richmond's Sepoy (taken)
16 to 1	— Mr. Ridsdale's Bro. to Bamfylde (taken)
18 to 1	— Lord Exeter's Muezzin (taken)
1000 to 20	— Mr. Ridsdale's Bro. to St. Giles (taken)

600 to 400, 550 to 400, and 276 to 200 betted on the first six against the field, and 6 to 4 on Bro' to Nell Gwynne against Ebberston.

THE OAKS.

6 to 1	agst Lord Wilton's Grenada (offered)
7 to 1	— Lord Exeter's Toga (offered)
10 to 1	— Mr. Wallace's Eminch (take 12 to 1)
10 to 1	— Mr. Dawson's Fair Jane (12 to 1 taken)
10 to 1	— Mr. Allen's Promise (offered)
11 to 1	— Mr. Armitage's Vesper (taken)
14 to 1	— Mr. Houldworth's Destiny (offered)

12 to 1 agst Fair Jane, 12 to 1 agst Eminch, and to 14 1 agst Destiny, taken in one bet, twice over, and afterwards 12 to 1 about each in one bet. Fair Jane and Vesper are on the road.

The Duke of Grafton has sold Alumnus to Mr. Etwall for £1200. The sum of 1000 guineas have been refused for Saracen, his sire. Last year Alumnus won the Prendergast Stakes of £900, at Newmarket.

For Newton Manor cup the following have declared forfeit; Equator, Grammont, Tom Basford, Doubtful, Intruder, Traveller, The Count, and Uncle Toby. As they declared in time, they will only pay £5 each. This is what is given by the Lord of the Manor value £100 with handicap stakes of £15 each. There remain 18 entered, including General Chassé, The Potentate, Jupiter, Red Rover, and Lucy.

Epsom races commence May 17. The Epsom racing committee have commenced preparations for the ensuing meeting, by advertising the booth-rents on the Downs to be let by tender. The sum tendered last spring was £700. They have agreed to pay Mr. Briscoe, the lord of manor, 400gs. for the use of Epsom Downs for one year, to run the races on. The lord of the manor of Newmarket, the Duke of Portland, gives £300, instead of taking it.

The Earl of Eglinton's mare, Zillah, by Jerry dropped a fine filly foal, last week, to Liverpool. Mr. Metcalfe's grey mare, Floranthe, dropped a remarkable fine colt foal, by The Physician, a few days ago. On Saturday last, Mr. Bowes' Whisker mare, prodnced a handsome filly, by Mulatto, at the Turf Tavern, Doncaster. On Sunday, Lunatic, by Prime Minister, dropped a colt to Vanish; and on Tuesday, Bessy Bedlam, by Filho da Puta, also foaled a colt, by Vanish at the same place.

For Newcastle meeting, June 22, Shepherdess, Barbara Bell, Weldare, and Lady Berners have declared forfeit for the Northumberland plate of 100 sovereigns, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 15 sovereigns each. Nineteen remain in the entry, including Muley Moloch, Gipsy, and Longinus.

The Jockey Club have agreed, "that the charge for weights and scales be reduced to one half of the present amount, for all plates and sweepstakes, and that nothing be paid for matches." This commences with the present year.

I have just got the entry for Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1838:

Monday.—Sweepstakes of 150 sov. each, h. ft.; for fillies 8st. 7lb. each, A. F. Duke of Portland's f. by Zinganee, out of Ruth; Lord Exeter's f. by Sultan, out of Ramona; Lord Chesterfield's f. by Tramp, out of Babel; Lord Tavistock's f. by Taurus, out of Whisk's dam, allowed 3lb; Mr. Greville's f. Morella, sister to Mango.

FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1838.

Monday.—Duke of Portland's c. by Taurus, out of Thebes, agst Lord Tavistock's c. by Taurus, out of Mysie, 8st. 7lb. each, D. M.; 100, h. ft.

FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1839.

Thursday.—Lord Tavistock's f. by Taurus, out of Mona, agst Duke of Rutland's c. by Taurus, out of Flame's dam, 8st. 7lb. each, D. M.; 100, h. ft.

You may as well understand that all the races which have yet taken place have not exhibited much *crack* running. This has been the wettest winter we have had for years. During the month of March the rain fell almost without intermission, and the natural result ensued—that the races, in the early part of April were *made* so-so, by being run on ground heavy and soddened. The Doncaster course is kept in such fine order, by innumerable drains, to carry off the superfluous moisture, that a race here may always be expected to show fair sport. Newmarket and other Southern courses, on the contrary, are paid little attention to. Hence, a week's hard rain, makes them actually unfit for their allotted, purpose; indeed, I have seen the Southern courses, in June, so clogged with wet that I would as soon, for my own part, ride over a newly ploughed field. When the course is in *such* a condition, a couple of heats ran over it render it almost impassible: 'tis *strength not speed* which then is conqueror. A race course should be always *drained*, and constantly *rolled*. There should be a gentle declivity on eachside of the horse-path, to allow rain to run off from the top.

You have, I observe, given lists of winning horses in America. Either for publication or for private reference, you may find some use for a copy of "The Turf Remembrancer," which I herewith send you. It is a supplement to the "Pocket Racing Calendar," and contains the nominations for 1836 and 1837; with an index referring to each horse's engagements in 1835; with a complete list of the winning horses in 1836; the performances of all the two year olds that ran in 1836, &c. It also gives a list of the colours worn by the riders; the Laws of Racing, as acted on in England; an interesting account of the lengths of every course in England: and lists of the winners of the Derby Stakes at Epsom since 1780; of the Oaks, at Epsom, since 1779; and of the Great St. Leger stakes at Doncaster, since 1776. In each instance, the name of the owner and sire are given, together with the number entered and started.

You will find, by this volume, every entry for this and next year; and, when a horse wins, you have but to turn to the index, and see what were his performances in 1835. Thus, *Uncle Toby* won the forfeit cup of the Oatlands, at Newmarket, on Thursday week. You refer to the index, to *Cain* (the sire) and see that *Uncle Toby*, in 1835, won £165 at Bath, and £50 at Gloucester, and was then aged 5 years. Now, if you have not any such publication as this, for America, would ti not be a good specalation to get one up? Surely, you, who necessarily possess such an abundance of sporting news, could easily do it. Once done, and it must be popular—it is the way, also, to make people understand the statistics of the American Turf. Thank me for my hint!

I perceive that the turfmen of the North and of the South are at issue on what is considered, in England, as a point on which there *can* be no dispute. I allude to the uniformity of time, whence the age of horses is dated. The very first item in the "Laws of Racing" in this country, expressly declares that "horses take their ages from the first of January." That is, a horse foaled any time in the year 1835, is one year old on the first of January, 1836.

There must be some arbitrary rule as to the ages of horses, because it will not do that they should date from the time of being foaled; such a plan, although more fair to the cattle, would be unfair to the public, as allowing the chance of extensive cheating. But, there *must* be a definite point of time from which the horses can *invariably* take their ages; let it be January, or let it be May; but, in America, as in England, let it be the same time. And, as English horses are now imported into America, and, in other respects, the English race rules prevail, why should not England and America agree in *this*?

A prize fight took place on Monday week, in Cheshire, between C. Jones and G. Freeland, for £50. Jones completely locked his opponent, but, in the 64th round it was said he had struck him *on the ground*. Freeland mounted a horse and rode off, claiming the stakes, as there was this "foul blow." The referee decided that the battle should take place again. Freeland declines this, and thus it rests.

The Royal Thames Yacht Club have commenced their "season." They have 68 yachts, of from 4 to 50 tons burthen. Nearly all belong to the sport of London. The Royal Squadron has more vessels and of greater tonnage. There are Yacht clubs at Cork, Dublin, &c.

Captain Cargan, of the Anglo-Indian navy, who brought to England, (as a present to King, from the Imaum of Muscat,) a 74 gun sloop of war, with Arabian horses and mares, has been commanded by the King, to select any British Yatch in his Majesty's possession, as a present for the Arabian prince. The Prince Regent yatch has been chosen, and, when equipped is to be taken to the Imaum by Captain Cargan, with other presents.

Sir Thomas Farquhar has made a curious will. To his son he has left nearly £400,000, while each of his daughters, young and beautiful creatures, are cut off with £2000. It is said the son will make up the portion of each to the amount of fifty thousand dollars.

A curious case of *crim. con.* was tried at Liverpool assizes this day week. The plaintiff was a Mr. Yeoman, a *person*, (for his wife complains that he had no right to be called *a man*) with a handsome property. Two years since he met a young lady, hansdome, portionless, and well born. He weoed her—won her, in a fortnight—married her in a month. *Immediately after marriage*, the lady broke her marriage vows. She was aged 24—the husband 20 years older. In fact, there can be little doubt that she became "a loose fish." A Mr. Ashburner—a married man—visited at the house, and it was proved that *she* had the benefit of his visits. They met, too, outside: and, 'tis said, visited improper houses, times beyond number. A female confidant discovered all about her. The trial commenced this day week—concluded on Monday—the evidence was weak—the defendant called no witnesses—the plaintiff was non suited—has proved himself a cuckold must pay all law costs, about 500*l*.—must allow separate maintenance to the wife—and has his character blown by her constant affirmation that, for aught *she* knew to the contrary the was of the doubtful gender—that, in fine, he should not be called *Yeoman*, but no-man!!

Downingville, Maine, 26 May, 1836.

Dear Sir—I have the honor of bein the Cap'un of the *Downingville Scrougers* and seein in your last paper which is took by our corpse, a wish to have correspondents send you "*actual bills for trainin'*," I thort I'd send you the follerin account of what it cost me for trainin, last trainin day. Firstly, as our minister says—howsomever you don't know our minister, but he's great in the preachin line I tell you—firstly then, I bot a bran new unicorn, which didn't cost anyhow a great way from say, now eleven dollars or thereabouts, which wasn't high considerin, ...$11 00

Then I gin our Kurnel to lend me his sword and sash,	0 25
Then I treated all round of 'um, say 27 glasses black strap, 4 glasses plain New England and 31 cakes of gingerbread,	1 25
Somethin a leetle extra for the ossifers,	0 31¼
Then I busted my bran new drilling pants, that ant no more fit for drilling in than so much paper, paid Sally Fogg for mending them,	0 12½
That ere last charge, if I git into the Legislature next year, I mean to try to git repaid back again to me—as the damage was got in serving my country, when I paid for powder so Jo Buckstin might fire off his fowlin piece to salute me, when I dismiss'd those bloody Scrougers	0 06¼
	$13 00

There thats about all I believe, and by cyphering it up, you will see that my actual bill for training day, was Thirteen dollars.

Hopin your folks is all well, I subscription myself yours till deth,

JOEKATHUN SLOKUM.

Mister Slokum is a cute chap, no doubt. We are glad he got off for $13, and think it mighty cheap, considerin' Sally Fogg was paid into the bargain.

Badinage apart, our estimate of the cost of *training colts*, last week, was too low. We did not mean to be understood that a good trainer could be hired at $15 per month. A person competent to take charge of a stable or horses would command readily five times that sum. A gentleman on the Island, who had a single colt in training, informed us he paid his trainer but $15 per month, and though he expressed little confidence in his trainer's judgment, he deemed his colt pretty well managed. No one could afford to pay a first rate trainer for taking charge of a single colt, nor hardly for half a dozen. If they won every sweepstakes for which they were nominated, the amount would not pay his salary.

LADY JANE FOR SALE.

THE splendid Eclipse mare LADY JANE, 5 years old. dam by Expediton, grand dam by Imported Messenger. Lady Jane beat last fall Dr. Philips' famous mare *Mad. Sontag*, 3 mile heats. She will arrive at Mr. Drews' Hotel in the vicinity of the Union Course this week and if in any condition, after traveling several hundred miles, will run the two mile day, of the ensuing 2d Spring Meeting. For further particulars enquire of the Editor N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

may 28.

MOBILE AND [illegible]UIS THEATRES.

N M. LUDLOW, (of the firm of Smith & Ludlow, Managers of the above named establishments,) will be in New York and Philadelphia, the latter part of May, when he will be ready to receive propositions from such persons as may wish to engage for one year.

The Evening Star will please copy daily, inside, until forbid.

THE IMPORTED HORSE SIR RICHARD,

WILL STAND THIS SPRING, at O. Bailey's stable, at the Eagle Hotel, Trenton, N. J. at $50 the season; $75 to insure.

O. BAILEY.

Trenton, March 20, 1836.

mar 26.

SUPERIOR TONED FLUTES, &c.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON.—The attention of amateurs and artists of Music is respectfully invited to an inspection of a valuable assortment of Flutes and Clarionets recently received from the manufacturer, among which are several of the celebrated Taylor Flutes.

The simple construction, the durability and elegance of the Taylor Flute render them worthy the attention of every performer on that instrument. They are manufactured of the best seasoned cocoawood. with eight or nine silver keys with double springs; silver hands, with or without the ivory joint.

The superior construction of the keys stands unrivalled; they stop with the greatest accuracy, make no rattling noise, and are not liable to get out of order. The great fault of incorrect intonation in Flutes is well known. By close application and great care, the imperfection has been remedied in the Taylor Flutes. These will be found extremely easy to blow, and posess a superior and peculiar sweetness of tone.

Each of the above Flutes are examined by Mr. P. H. Taylor, professor of the instrument, and none are genuine unless marked "P. H. Taylor, Approved," accompanied by his certificate.

Also—Flutes and Clarionets of every pattern and number of keys, both silver and brass. Every instrument is warranted, and can be returned if found imperfect.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON,
201 Broadway, near St. Paul's.

may 14

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DE WITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe.
The ROBERT L. STEVENS,	J. P. Dean.		

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owner sof such goods, freight, baggage &c.

HORICULTURE.

THE subscriber respectfully invites the Ladies and Gentlemen, Amateurs, Florist, &c. to his splendid collection of *new Flowering plants*, viz. *Geraniums*, *Rhododendons Agaleas*, *Calceolaria*, *Cactuses*, &c. He has now in splendid bloom at his Garden and Greenhouse, corner of Willoughby & Jay st. near the Military Garden, Brooklyn, L. I.

RUSSELL.

Florist, and Landscape Gardener, from London.

may 21-3t.

TO SPORSTMENAND BREEDERS—BLOOD STOCK.

THE subscrber, will offer at Auction on the 7th of June, all his Blood-Stock—consisting of of Mares, Horses, and Fillies, by Henry, Eclipse, imported Autocrat, &c. Among others worthy of attention is a bay mare by Henry out of the dam of Cadmus.

The sale will take place at 2 o'clock, P. M. at his Mill Farm (formerly occupied by Col. Archer,) one mile west of Hampton, which is the regular landing place for all the Albany and New York boats, or persons preferring it, can land at Newburgh, and return to New York in the Newburgh boat by 9 o'clock same evening.

may 21-3w

EDWARD ARMSTRONG.

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

THE SECOND SPRING MEETING, will commence on Wednesday, June 8th, 1836.

First Day—At 12 o'clock, Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, mile heats, subscription $300, and $100 forfeit, four or more to make a race, (to name and close on the 20th of May)

Also, the same day, a purse of $200, mile heats, free for all ages.

Second Day—At 12 o'clock, a purse of $300, two mile heats.

Third Day—At 12 o'clock, Citizens' Purse, $1000, four mile heats. Entrance for the Citizens' Purse, $40, $300 of this purse to go to the horse that is second in the last heat, provided he is not distanced.

TROTTING.

On the first day of the races, at 3 o'clock, P. M. a purse of $100, to be trotted for, under the saddle, two mile heats, free only for green horses that never won a match or purse over that amount.

Also, on the second day, at 3 o'clock, P. M. a purse of $200, to be trotted for, in harness, two mile heats, free for all.

Also, on the third day, at 3 o'olock, P. M. Citizens' Purse of $200, to be trotted for, under the saddle, mile heats, best three in five, free for all.

The Purses to be Trotted for according to the rules of the Hunting Park Course. Entrances for all purses will close, (except for the first days,) at the Eagle Hotel, on the day previous to each race or trot, at half past 2 o'clock, P. M. ☞ A list of the horses that are entered, will be published in the United States' Gazette, Philadelphia, on the morning previous to each race. Good stabling, in the vicinity of the course, can be secured by early application to the subscriber.

O. BAILEY, Secretary.

Trenton, May 6, 1836.

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